The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 13, 1832.

DEAR TIM,

I suppose you think I am dead of the cholera, not writing you so long a time. Well, you may set yourself at rest on that score, for I am not dead, though I've been horribly frightened, just as every body else has in New York—but I didn't clear out of the city—cause why? I hadn't the ready funds to dispose of, and so concluded to stick it out. On the average I am not sorry that I staid here, for I have been a pretty cute observer of the cholera, and have picked up lots of curious information about it, which I mean to publish in a book one of these days. All the doctors here are doing the same thing, and I don't see why I ha'nt as good a right to publish my observations and earn a penny by it as any of them.

You see the cholera is a mystified sort of a disease, and not being treated of in the doctors' books, it is clear they don't know more about it than common people. I don't like to boast much, but in fact I was the first one that suggested to Monsheer his grand presidential (I dislike the word "Sovereign") specific for the cholera—but he stole the march on me, and I didn't make much to speak of by the operation. He got his name up by getting all his patients that didn't die to certify that he cured them and publishing their affidavys in the newspapers. Every body believes what the newspapers say, whether true or false, and so every body went to be cured of the kollapse—but some folks humbugged the doctor, or the doctor humbugged them, I don't know which, but you shall judge for yourself.

You see there was one feller at our house that conceited he had got the cholera—he waked up in the middle of the night and sung out that he had kollapsed—that he was a dead man. In less than no time some half a dozen of us jumpt up and run to his room, and sure enough there he lay rolling and roaring just like a stuck pig, and looking in a great agony. By guminy! it made my hair stand right up of an end! but we set to and rubbed the feller till he was redder than pickled beef, and then got him up on his legs and walked him about as hard as we could. After this he come to considerably, and we asked him how he felt. "Oh dreadful—dreadful—I've got the last symptoms—my tongue is black as night," he blubbered, at the same time running out his tongue before the glass and lolling it round for our inspection—"Oh do send for the doctor—quick—quick!" he again cried out, and threw himself on the bed writhing as before.

One of us started off, and in less than an hour came back with the doctor. He felt of his purse and looked wonderful wise, but said nothing, his patient all the while expecting to hear his doom pronounced, and looking the doctor anxiously in the face. In this way they sat on the bed for some time, till at last the doctor gave it as his opinion that the man had no cholera at all. "Oh but I have, doctor—I've got the black tongue—the last stage of mortification—only one door off from the ko-ko-lapse!" his voice faltered as he uttered this terrible word, and he sank back on the bed quite exhausted, while the sweat rolled down his face in drops as big as potatoes. The doctor now drew out his spectacles, and mounting them on his nose, proceeded to examine the patient's tongue. There was no mistake about it—it was black as his hat—and the sight of it made the doctor look black too. "How long has this been the case?" said he. "Oh I've been a case these six hours, doctor—but don't report me—for heaven's sake don't, doctor!" I mean your tongue, man—how long has it been coated so black?" "Oh, it was just as the old Dutch struck twelve when I first discovered it—from that hour I've had the most exclusive pains—oh, I'm dying—do—do do something for me, dear doctor!"

The doctor then gave him a dose of something that smelt wonderful like camfire, which he said was his grand specific. After this the feller seemed easier, and got into a comfortable nap, and the doctor left him. The next morning when these circumstances were told at breakfast table, it made no small consternation. One said he should leave the house, and another said he should, and so on to the number of a dozen, till the old lady began to be in a great taking lest she should lose all her boarders, when down came the cholera patient half dressed right into the room. "Oh! I am well—I am well!" cried he, "I have found out what was the matter of my tongue." "What was it—what was it?" exclaimed twenty voices, while some of our number fled to the opposite part of the room, so frightened were they by the appearance of a cholera patient so near to them. "I have found out the cause," said he—"it was the blackberry pudding we had for dinner yesterday!"—and sure enough, on looking at our tongues—which we then for the first time thought of—we found that they were all coated over in the same manner as the cholera patient's. The mystery was now explained, and we all had a hearty laugh at the poor feller's expense. He confessed that he was horribly frightened—that he woke up in the night with a severe pain in his stomach, probably caused from overloading it with pudding—that he knew this was one of the premonitory symptoms of the cholera, and of course began to be uneasy—that after a while he rose and went to the glass, when he discovered the condition of his tongue, and then he felt sure that his fate was sealed, and cried out for assistance.

The case was the next day regularly reported as one of a malignant character, and our house was run down for a fortnight with people enquiring the name of the subject. How the doctor came off, I never could learn, as he took good care not to make a second visit to his blackberry pudding subject. I guess he thought it a quiz on him, but if the true cause of the disease had not been discovered, we should have seen a certificate published of the wonderful cure. For my part I fully believe that many people have been more scared than hurt—and that thousands have fancied they have had the cholera, when in truth nothing was the matter of them more than an old-fashioned stomach-ache. But so it is—the alarm has been general—and the doctors have made a good summer's job of it. I have lots more to say on this subject—but you shall hear from me again.

ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

IMPROMPTU.

'Mid the cataract's dashes,
While its waters are hurling,
From the spray as it flashes,
A rainbow is curling:
So the warrior dying—
As his life-tide pours gory,
His spirit is flying
In a halo of glory! J.

The following humorous mistake of a clergyman, furnished in the New Bedford Gazette, reminds us of one or two instances that have come to our knowledge; where, after a legal separation had taken place for years, the once *happy couple* have renewed their courtship, and again the promised "love, honor and obey" has been said. The sudden publication in this instance might possibly have led to a similar result, but in reference to the *finale*, the writer has left us in the dark.

MARRIAGE PUBLISHMENT.—In days gone by, when, however, the same ceremonies had to be complied with before the nuptial knot could be tied, as are at present required, a worthy couple, tired of their existence in single blessedness, although they had scarcely escaped their teens, formed a resolution to unite their fates until death did them part, or the laws of the state declared the contract annulled. With this view they forwarded to the minister of their town a written publishment, which received the usual number of readings, and was afterwards carelessly left lying beneath the cover of the bible where it was originally deposited. The parties were joined together after the customary probation, and to all appearances were destined to lead a long and happy life.

But alas! how prone are the most circumspect to be led astray. Notwithstanding the fair Emma Eliza Matilda had vowed to "love, honor and *obey*"—and the priest had placed a peculiar emphasis on the latter stipulation—she considered herself the only umpire as regarded the faithful performance of her part of the contract—and sundry instances could be mentioned wherein she exercised her discretionary powers to a most inordinate latitude. Human nature could endure no longer such galling servitude—he strove *manfully*—that is, with the weapons with which Nature had endowed him—to convince her that there was a palpable infringement on the stipulations of the marriage treaty by her, but to no purpose, and at length it was mutually resolved to dissolve the copartnership, which means in plain English, procure a decree of divorce from the Legislature of the State in which they resided. It was done, for in Rhode Island it is much easier to obtain an absolution of hymenial vows than the privilege of voting; and they were accordingly "rent in twain."

Without profiting by experience, both were immediately on the look out for other partners, with as little sense of reflection as though their last had been merely for a sleighing party or a cotillion,—and with this view appeared regularly at the church they had frequented before their marriage.

At this period the reverend gentleman who had read their publishment and joined them together, exchanged places for a day with a brother clergyman, who was unacquainted with the "state of parties" in the village where he was called to hold forth, and on going into his pulpit to address a crowded congregation, looked into that part of the bible where it was usual to place notices intended to be read in meeting. He lighted upon the identical piece which we have referred to in the commencement of our narrative, where it had lain undisturbed through all the revolutions we have mentioned, and without hesitation proclaimed to a tittering audience, amid the crimson blushes of the parties alluded to, that there was an "intention of marriage between Mr. *Jonathan Goslin Pluck*, and Miss *Emma Eliza Matilda Desirous*."

SHELLEY'S STUDY AT OXFORD.—I remarked the same contradiction in his rooms which I had already observed in his person and dress; they had just been papered and painted; the carpet, curtains and furniture were quite new, and had not passed through several academical generations after the established custom of transferring the whole of the moveables to the successor on payment of thirds, that is, of two-thirds of the price last given. The general air of freshness was greatly obscured, however, by the indescribable confusion in which the various objects were mixed; notwithstanding the unwelcome exertions of the officious scout, scarcely a single article was in its proper position. Books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition, and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags, and boxes, were scattered on the floor and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyze the mystery of creation, had endeavored first to re-construct the primeval chaos. The tables, and especially the carpet, were already stained with large spots of various hues, which frequently proclaimed the agency of fire. An electrical machine, an air-pump, the galvanic trough, a solar microscope, and large glass jars and receivers, were conspicuous amidst the mass of matter. Upon the table by his side were some books lying open, several letters, a bundle of new pens, and a bottle of japan ink, that served as an inkstand; a piece of deal, lately part of the lid of a box, with many chips, and a handsome razor, that had been used as a knife. There were bottles of soda water, sugar, pieces of lemon, and the traces of an effervescent beverage.—*New Monthly Mag.*

HARLOW'S PICTURE OF THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHARINE.—It has been generally supposed that the majority of the actors in the scene sat for their portraits in this picture. John Kemble, however, refused when requested to sit by Mr. Welsh, strengthening his refusal with "emphasis profane." Harlow was not to be defeated, and he actually drew Kemble's portrait in one of the stage-boxes of Covent-Garden Theatre, while the great actor was playing his part on the stage. The vexation of such a *ruse* to a man of Kemble's temperament, can better be imagined than described. Egerton, Pope, and Stephen Kemble, were successively painted for Henry VIII., the artist retaining the latter. The head of Charles Kemble, as the Secretary Cromwell, was likewise twice painted: the first, which cost "our brother" many sittings, was considered, by himself and others, very successful. The artist thought otherwise; and, contrary to his sitter's wish and remonstrance, he one morning painted out the approved head: in a day or two, however, entirely from recollection, Harlow repainted the portrait with increased fidelity. It has been stated, though erroneously, that the artist required but one sitting of Mrs. Siddons. The fact is, the accomplished actress held her uplifted arm frequently till she could hold it raised no longer, and the majestic limb was finished from another original.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF INTELLECTUAL PERCEPTION.—Mary, Countess of Orkney in her own right, was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753 by signs, to Marrough, fifth Earl of Inchiquin, and afterwards first Marquis of Thomond. She lived with her husband, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which her infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The Countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, lifted an immense stone which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse, who, like all persons of the lower orders in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," lifted it with the intent to throw it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had thrown the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense that was wanting in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proof of intelligence, but none so interesting.—*Parisian Gem.*

IRELAND.—The face of Ireland is singularly picturesque, yet eminently adapted for all purposes of commerce and communication; by its general level no point of land is two thousand feet above the plain, and no land in Europe abounds so much in chains of lakes, in rivers flowing in different directions, and in a perpetual supply of water. Ireland might be made a country of water-communication through its whole length and breadth; yet it has but two canals of any consequence; and these, too, in embarrassed circumstances. Ireland has more harbours for ships of the largest size than the whole of Europe, the single western coast containing for two hundred miles but a succession of the most magnificent ports. It is the nearest coast to the western world—the course is direct from thence to Portugal and Spain, to the Mediterranean, to the whole navigation of the immense regions south of the Straits of Gibraltar. The coast of Ireland is the first made by every sail from India, Africa, and America. It has been ascertained that before a vessel from the port of London gets out of soundings, a vessel from the west of Ireland can reach America. Ireland seems, by its position, by its western harbors, and by the facility of communication over every part of its surface, to have been actually intended as the great centre of intercourse between the old world and the new. It is large, containing 32,301 square miles; of all this space, the indenting by harbours, arms of the sea, and rivers' mouths, are so numerous, that there is not an acre above fifty miles from the sea.—*Bryan's Practical View of Ireland.*

ORATORY.—There is an essential difference between oratory and debating. Oratory seems an accomplishment confined to the ancients, unless the French preachers may put in their claim, and some of the Irish lawyers. Oratory is essentially the accomplishment of antiquity; it was their most efficient mode of communicating thought; it was their substitute for printing.—*Young Duke.*

MISCELLANY.

From the Atlas.

ADVENTURES ON BOARD THE SMUGGLER.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

(*Continued.*)

To such as may not have perused our former numbers, we must explain that the writer, newly made a Lieutenant in the British navy, when strolling away from his lodgings in Jamaica, at night, to gratify his curiosity, had fallen in with the crew of a smuggling vessel; who, considering him a spy on their movements, had seized and carried him off in their own vessel. The occurrence being ascertained, two ships of war immediately gave chase, but the smuggler, though nearly overtaken, escaped by superior sailing. The pursuit being at an end, the narrative proceeds as below. We have made some condensation in the story, but being even thus too long for a single publication, we have suffered it to wait the present number of the Atlas to begin.

"It was now five in the afternoon, and the breeze continued to fall, and the sea to go down, until sunset, by which time we had run the corvette hull down, and the schooner nearly out of sight. Right a-head of us rose the high land of Cuba, to the westward of Cape Maise, clear and well defined against the northern sky, and as we neither hauled our wind to weather the east end of the island, nor edged away for St. Jago, it was evident beyond all doubt, that we were running right in for some one of the piratical haunts of the Cuba coast. The crew now set to work, and removed the remains of their late messmate, and the two wounded men, from where they lay upon the ballast in the run, to their own berth forward in the bows of the little vessel; they then replaced the planks which they had started, and arranged the dead body of the mate along the cabin floor, close to where I lay, faint and bleeding, and more heavily bruised than I had at first thought.

The captain was still at the helm; he had never spoken a word either to me or any of the crew, since he had taken the trifling liberty of shooting me through the neck, and no thanks to him that the wound was not mortal; but he now resumed his American accent, and began to drawl out the necessary orders for repairing damages. When I went on deck shortly afterwards, I was surprised beyond measure to perceive the injury the little vessel had sustained, and the uncommon speed, handiness and skill with which it had been repaired. However lazily the command might appear to have been given, the execution of it was quick as lightning. The crew, now reduced to ten working hands, had, with an almost miraculous promptitude, knotted and spliced the rigging, mended and slushed sails, fished the sprung and wounded spars, and plugged and nailed lead over the shot holes, and all within half an hour. I don't like Americans; I never did and never shall like them; I have seldom or never met with an American gentleman; I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with, or consort with them in any way; but let me tell the whole truth, nor fight with them, were it not for the laurels to be acquired, by overcoming an enemy so brave, determined, and alert, and every way so worthy of one's steel, as they have already proved. One used to fight with a Frenchman, as a matter of course, and for the fun of the thing, as it were, never dreamed of the possibility of Johnny Crapeau beating us, where there was any thing approaching to an equality of force; but, say as much as we please about larger ships, and more men, and a variety of excuses which proud John Bull, with some truth very often I will admit, has pertinaciously thrust forward to palliate his losses during the short war, a regard for truth and fair dealing, which I hope are no scarce qualities among British seamen, compels me to admit, that although I would of course peril my life and credit more readily with an English crew, yet I believe a feather would turn the scale between the two countries, so far as courage and seamanship goes; and let it not be forgotten, although we have now regained our superiority in this respect, yet, in gunnery, and small-arm practice, we were as thoroughly weathered on by the war, as we overtopped them in the bull dog courage with which our boarders handled those genuine English weapons, the cutlass and the pike.

After the captain had given his orders, and seen the men fairly at work, he came down to the cabin, still ghastly and pale, but with none of that ferocity stamped on his grim features, from the outpouring of which I had suffered so severely. He never once looked my way, no more than if I had been a bundle of old junk; but folding his hands on his knee, he sat down on a small locker, against which the feet of the dead mate rested, and gazed earnestly on his face, which was immediately under the open skylight, through which, by this time, the clear cold rays of the moon streamed full on it, the short twilight having already fled, chained as it is in these climates to the chariot wheels of the burning sun. My eye naturally followed his, but I speedily withdrew it. I had often bent over comrades who had been killed by gun-shot wounds, and already remarked what is well known, that the features wore a benign expression, bland and gentle, and contented as the face of a sleeping infant, while their limbs were composed decently, often gracefully, like one resting after great fatigue, as if nature, like an affectionate nurse, had arranged the death-bed of her departed child with more than usual care, preparatory to his last long sleep. Whereas those who had died from the thrust of a pike or the blow of a cutlass, however mild the living expression of their countenance might have been, were always fearfully contorted both in body and mind.

In the present instance, the eyes were wide open, white, prominent, and glazed; the hair, which was remarkably fine, and had been worn in long ringlets, was drenched and clotted into heavy masses with the death-sweat, and had fallen back on the deck from his forehead, which was well formed, high, broad and massive.

Obed knelt beside the shoulder of the corpse, and appeared crushed down to the very earth by the sadness of the scene before him, and I noticed the frequent sparkle of a heavy tear as it fell from his iron visage on the face of the dead man. At length he untied the string that fastened the eye-glass round his head, and taking a coarse towel from a locker, he sponged poor Paul's face and neck with rum, and then fastened up his lower jaw with the lanyard. Having performed this melancholy office, the poor fellow's feelings could no longer be restrained by my presence.

'God help me, I have not now one friend in the wide world. When I had neither home, nor food, nor clothing, he sheltered me, and fed me, and clothed me, when a single word would have gained him five hundred dollars, and run me up to the fore yard-arm in a wreath of white smoke; but he was true as steel; and oh that he was now doing for me what I have done for him! who would have moaned over me, me, who am now without wife or child, and have disgraced all my kin! alack-a-day, alack-a-day!'—And he sobbed and wept aloud, as if his very heart would have burst in twain.—'But I will soon follow you, Paul, I have had my warning already; I know it, and I believe it.' At this instant the dead hand of the mate burst the ligature that kept it down across his body, and slowly rose up and remained in a beckoning attitude.

I was seized with a cold shivering from head to foot, and would have shrieked aloud, had it not been for very shame, but Obed was unmoved. 'I know it, Paul, I know it. I am ready, and I shall not be long behind you.' He fastened the arm down once more, and having called a couple of hands to assist him, they lashed up the remains of their shipmate in his hammock, with a piece of iron ballast at his feet, and then, without more ado, handed the body up through the skylight; and I heard the heavy splash as they cast it into the sea. When this was done, the captain returned to the cabin, bringing a light with him, filled and drank off a glass of strong grog. Yet he did not even now deign to notice me, which was by no means soothing; and I found, that since he would not speak, I must, at all hazards. 'I say, Obed, do you ever read your bible?' He looked steadily at me with his lacklustre eyes. 'Because, if you do, you may perhaps have fallen in with some such passage as the following: 'Behold I am in your hand; but know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves.'?

'It is true, Mr. Cringle. I feel the truth of it here,' and he laid his large bony hand on his heart. 'Yet I do not ask you to forgive me: I don't expect that you can or will; but unless the devil gets possession of me again—which, so sure as ever there was a demoniac in this world, he had this afternoon when you so tempted me—I hope soon to place you in safety, either in a friendly port, or on board of a British vessel; and then what becomes of me is of little consequence, now since the only living soul who cared a dollar for me is at rest amongst the coral branches at the bottom of the deep great sea.'

'Why, man,' rejoined I, 'leave off this stuff; something has turned your brain, surely; people must die in their beds you know, if they be not shot, or put out of the way somehow or other; and as for my small affair, why I forgive you, man—from my heart, I forgive you; were it only for the oddity of your scantling, mental and corporeal, I would do so; and you see I am not much hurt,—so lend me a hand, like a good fellow, to wash the wound with a little spirits—it will stay the bleeding, and the stiffness will soon go off—so—'

'Lieutenant Cringle, I need not tell what I know you have found out, that I am not the vulgar Yankee smuggler, fit only to be made a butt of by you and your friends, that you no doubt at first took me for; but who or what I am, or what I may have been you shall never know—but I will tell you this much'—

'Devil confound the fellow!—why this is too much upon the brogue, Obed. Will you help me to dress my wound man, and leave off your cursed sentimental speeches, which you must have gleaned from some old novel or another? I'll hear it all by and by.'

At this period I was a reckless young chap, with strong nerves, and my own share of that animal courage, which generally oozes out at one's finger ends when one gets married and turned of thirty; nevertheless I did watch with some anxiety the effect which my unceremonious interruption was to have upon him. I was agreeably surprised to find that he took it all in good part, and set himself with great alacrity and kindness even, to put me to rights, and so successfully, that when I was washed and cleansed, and fairly coopered up, I found myself quite able to take my place at the table: and having no fear of the College of Surgeons before my eyes, I helped myself to a little of the needful, and in the plenitude of my heart, I asked Obed's pardon for my ill-bred interruption.—'It was not quite the thing to cut you short in the middle of your Newgate Calendar, Obed—beg pardon, your story, I mean; no offence now, none in the world—eh?—But where the deuce, man, got you this fine linen of Egypt?' looking at the sleeves of the shirt Obed had obliged me with, as I sat without my coat. 'I had not dreamt you had any thing so luxurious in your kit.' I saw his brow begin to lower again, so the devil prompted me to advert, by way of changing the subject, to a file of newspapers, which, as it turned out, might have proved to be by far the most dangerous topic I could have hit upon. He had laid them aside, having taken them out of the locker when he was rumaging for the linen. 'What have we here?—Kingston Chronicle, Montego Bay Gazette, Falmouth Advertiser. A great newsmonger you must be. What arrivals?—let me see;—you know I am a week from head-quarters. Let me see.' At first he made a motion as if he would have snatched them out of my hands; but speedily appeared to give up the idea, merely murmuring—'What can it signify, *now?*'

I continued to read—"Chanticleer from a cruise—Tonnant from Barbadoes—Pique from Port au Prince. Oh, the next interests me—the Firebrand is daily expected from Havana; she is to come through the gulf, round Cape Antonio, and beat up the haunts of the pirates all along the Cuba shore.' I was certain *now* that at the mention of this corvette mine host winced in earnest. This made me anxious to probe him farther. 'Why, what means this pencil mark—'Firebrand's number off the Chesapeake was 1022?'—How the deuce, my fine fellow, do you know that?' He shook his head, but said nothing, and I went on reading the pencil memoranda—"But this is most probably changed; she now carries a red cross in the head of her foresail, and has very short lower masts, like the Hornet.'" Still he made me no answer. I proceeded—'Stop, let me see what merchant ships are about sailing. 'Loading for Liverpool, the John Gladstone, Peter Ponderous, master;' and after it, again in pencil—"'Only sugar; goes through the gulf'—*Only sugar,* said I, still fishing; 'too bulky, I suppose.—'Ariel Jenkins, Whitehaven;' remark—'sugar, coffee, and logwood.' Nuestra Senora de las Dolores, to sail for Chagres on 7th proximo;' remark—'rich cargo of bale goods, but no chance of overtaking her.' —El Rayo, to sail for St. Jago de Cuba on the 10th proximo;' remark—'sails fast; armed with a long gun, and musketry; thirty hands; about ten Spanish passengers; valuable cargo of dry goods; main-mast rakes well aft, new cloth in the foresail about half-way up; will be off the Moro about the 13th.—And what is this written in ink under the above?—The San Pedro from Chagres, and Marianna from Santa Martha, although rich, have both got convoy.' Ah, too strong for your friends, Obed—I see, I see.—'Francis Baring, Lewis French, master'—an odd name, rather, for a skipper;' remark—'forty ceroons of cochineal and some specie; is to sail from Morant Bay on 5th proximo, to go through the windward passage; may be expected off cape St. Nicolas on the 12th or thereby.'" I laid down the paper, and looked him full in the face. 'Nicolas is an ominous name. I fear the good ship Francis Baring will find it so. Some of the worthy saint's clerks to be fallen in with off the Mole, eh? Don't you think as I do, Obed?' Still silent. 'Why you seem to take great delight in noting the intended departures and expected arrivals, my friend,—merely to satisfy your curiosity of course; but, to come to close quarters with you, captain, I now know pretty well the object of your visiting Jamaica now and then, —you are indeed no vulgar *smuggler.*'

'It is well for you, and good for myself, Mr. Cringle, that something weighs heavy at my heart at this moment, and that there is that about you which, notwithstanding your ill-timed jesting, commands my respect, and engages my good will—had it not been so, you would have been alongside of poor Paul at this moment.' He leant his arms upon the table and gazed intensely on my face as he continued in a solemn tremulous tone—'Do you believe in auguries, Mr. Cringle? Do you believe that 'coming events cast their shadows before?'—Oh, that Mr. Campbell had been beside me to have seen the figure and face of the man who now quoted him!—'Yes, I do, it is part of the creed of every sailor to do so; I do believe that people have had forewarnings of peril to themselves or their friends.' 'Then what do you think of the mate beckoning me with his dead hand to follow him?' 'Why, you are raving, Obed; you saw that he had been much convulsed, and that the limb, from the contraction of the sinews, was forcibly kept down in the position it broke loose from—the spunyarn gave way, and of course it started up—nothing wonderful in all this, although it did at the time somewhat startle me I confess.' 'It may be so, it may be so. I don't know,' rejoined he, 'but taken along with what I saw before—'

Here his voice sunk into so hollow and sepulchral a tone as to be almost unintelligible. 'But there is no use in arguing on the subject. Answer me this, Lieutenant Cringle, and truly, so help you God, at your utmost need, *did the mate leave the cabin at any moment after I was wounded by the splinter?*' And he seized one of my hands convulsively with his iron paw, while he pointed up through the open scuttle towards heaven with the other, which trembled like a reed. The moon shone strong on the upper part of his countenance, while the yellow smoky glare of the candle over which he bent, blended harshly and unharmoniously with the pale silver light, fell full on his uncouth figure, and on his long scraggy bare neck and chin, and cheeks, giving altogether a most unearthly expression to his savage features, from the conflicting tints and changing shadows cast by the flickering moonbeams streaming fitfully through the sky-light, as the vessel rolled to and fro, and by the large torchlight candle as it wavered in the night-wind. The Prince of the Powers of the Air might have sat for his picture by proxy. It was just such a face as one has dreamed of after a hot supper and cold ale, when the whiskey had been forgotten—horrible, changing, vague, glimmering, and undefined; and as if something was still wanting to complete the utter frightfulness of his aspect, the splinter wound in his head burst out afresh from his violent agitation, and streamed down in heavy drops from his forehead, falling warm on my hand. I was much shaken at being adjured in this tremendous way, *with the hot blood glueing our hands together*, but I returned his grasp as steadily as I could, while I replied, with all the composure he had left me, and that would not have quite filled a Winchester bushel, —'*He never left my side from the time he offered to take your place after you had been wounded.*' He fell back against the locker as if he had been shot through the heart. His grasp relaxed, he drew his breath very hard, and I thought he had fainted.

'Then it was *not* him that stood by me; I thought it *might* have been him, but I was a fool it was impossible.' He made a desperate effort to recover his composure, and succeeded.—'And pray, Master Obediah,' quoth I, '*what did* you see?' He answered me sharply—'Never mind, never mind—here, Potomac, lend us a hand to sling a cot for this gentleman; there now, see the lanyard is sound, and the lacing all tight and snug—now put that mattress into it, and there is linen in the chest.' In a trice my couch was rigged all comfortable, snow-white linen, nice pillow, soft mattress, &c., and Obed, filling me another tumbler, helped himself also; he then drank to my health, wished me a sound sleep, promised to call me at day light, and as he left the cabin he said, 'Mr. Cringle, had it been my object to have injured you, I would not have waited until now. You are quite safe so far as depends on me, so take your rest—good night, once more.' I tumbled into bed, and never once opened my eyes until Obed called me at day-light, that is, at five in the morning, according to his promise.

By this time we were well in with the Cuba shore; the land might be two miles from us, as we could see the white surf. Out at sea, although all around was clear as crystal, there was nothing to be seen of the Gleam or Firebrand, but there were ten or twelve fishing canoes, each manned with from four to six hands, close aboard of us;—we seemed to have got becalmed in the middle of a small fleet of them. The nearest to us hailed in Spanish, in a very friendly way, —'Como estamos Capitan, que hay de nuevo; hay algo de bueno, para los pobres Pescadores?' and the fellow who had spoken laughed loudly. The Captain desired him to come on board, and then drew him aside, conversing earnestly with him. The Spanish fisherman was a very powerful man; he was equipped in a blue cotton shirt, Osnaburg trowsers, sandals of untanned bullock's hide, a straw hat, and wore the eternal greasy red sash and long knife. He was a bold, daring looking fellow, and frequently looked frowningly on me, and shook his head impatiently, while the captain, as it seemed, was explaining to him who I was. Just in this nick of time my friend Potomac handed up my uniform coat, (I had previously been performing my ablutions on deck in my shirt and trousers,) which I put on, swab and all, thinking no harm. But there must have been mighty great offence nevertheless, for the fisherman, in a twinkling, casting a fierce look at me, jumped overboard like a feather, clearing the rail like a flying-fish, and swam to his canoe, that had shoved off a few paces.

When he got on board he stood up and shook his clenched fist at Obed, shouting, 'Pirata, Traidor, Ingleses hay abordo, quieres enganarnos?' He then held up the blade of his paddle, a signal which all the canoes answered in a moment in the same manner, and then pulled towards the land, from whence a felucca, invisible, until that moment, now swept out, as if she had floated up to the surface by magic, for I could see neither creek, nor the smallest symptom of any entrance to a port or cove. For a few minutes the canoes clustered round this necromantic craft, and I could notice that two or three hands from each of them jumped on board; they then paddled off in a string, and vanished one by one amongst the mangrove bushes as suddenly as the felucca had appeared. All this puzzled me exceedingly—I looked at Obed—he was evidently sorely perplexed. 'I had thought to have put you on board a British vessel before this, or failing that, to have run down, and landed you at St. Jago, Mr. Cringle, as I promised, but you see I am prevented by those *honest* men there; get below, and as you value your life, and I may say, mine, keep your temper and be civil.' I did as he suggested, but peeped out at the cabin sky-light to see what was going on, notwithstanding. The felucca I could see was armed with a heavy carronade on a pivot, and as full of men as she could hold, fierce, half naked, savage-looking fellows, as one could desire to see—she swept rapidly up to us, and closing on our larboard quarter, threw about five-and-twenty of her genteel young people on board, who immediately secured the crew, and seized Obed. However, they, that is, the common sailors, seemed to have no great stomach for the job, and had it not been for the fellow I had frightened overboard, I don't think one of them would have touched him. Obed bore all this with great equanimity.

'Why, Francisco,' he said, to this personage, in good Spanish, 'why, what madness is this? your suspicions are groundless; it is as I tell you, he is my prisoner, and whatever he may have been to me, he can be no spy on you.'

'Cuchillo entonces,' was the savage reply.

'No, no,' persisted Obediah, 'get cool, man, get cool. I am pledged that no harm shall come to him, and farther, I have promised to put him ashore at St. Jago, and I *will* be as good as my word.'

'You can't if you would,' rejoined Francisco; 'the Snake is at anchor under the Moro.'

'Then he must go with us.'

'We shall see as to that,' said the other; then raising his voice, he shouted to his ragamuffins, 'Comrades, we are betrayed; there is an English officer on board who can be nothing but a spy; follow me!'

And he dashed down the companion ladder, knife in

hand, while I sprang through the small scuttle, like a rat out of one hole when a ferret is put in at the other, and crept as close to Obed as I could; Francisco, when he missed me, came on deck again. The captain had now seized a cutlass in one hand, and held a cocked pistol in the other. It appeared he had greater control, the nature of which I now began to comprehend, over the felucca's people, than Francisco bargained for, as the moment the latter went below, they released him, and went forward in a body. My persecutor again advanced close up to me, and seized me by the collar with one hand, and tried to drag me forward, brandishing his naked knife aloft in the other.

Obed promptly caught his sword-arm—'Francisco,' he exclaimed, still in Spanish, 'fool, madman, let go your hold! let go, or by the Heaven above us, and the hell we are both hastening to, I will strike you dead.'

The man paused, and looked round to his own people, and seeing one or two encouraging glances and gestures amongst them, he again attempted to drag me away from my hold on the tatterel. Something flashed in the sun, and the man fell! His left arm, the hand of which still clutched my throat, while mine grasped its wrist, had been shred from its body by Obed's cutlass, like a twig, and, oh God, my blood curdles to my heart, even now, when I think of it, the dead fingers kept the grasp sufficiently long to allow the arm to fall heavily against my side, where it hung for some seconds, until the muscles relaxed and it dropped on the deck. The instant that Obed struck the blow, he caught hold of my hand, threw away his cutlass, and advanced towards the group of the felucca's men, pistol in hand.

'Am I not your captain, ye cowards—have I ever deceived you yet—have I ever flinched from heading you where the danger was greatest—have you not all that I am worth in your hands, and will you murder me now?'

'Viva, el noble Capitan, viva!'

And the tide turned as rapidly in our favor as it had lately ebbed against us.

'As for that scoundrel, he has got no more than he deserves,' said he turning to where Francisco lay, bleeding like a carcase in the shambles; 'but tie up his arm some of ye, I would be sorry he bled to death.'

It was unavailing, the large arteries had emptied his whole life-blood—he had already gone to his account. This most miserable transaction, with all its concomitant horrors, to my astonishment, did not seem to make much impression on Obed, who now turning to me, said, with perfect composure—

'You have there another melancholy voucher for my sincerity,' pointing to the body; 'but time presses, and you must now submit to be blindfolded, and that without further explanation at present.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

By Barry Cornwall

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both,
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing,
Look where our children start
Like sudden spring;
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe,
To thee and time!

THOMAS TOPHAM.

The following feats of real human strength relate to one Thomas Topham, about 31 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, and who exhibited about a century ago.

"1. Having rubbed his fingers with coal ashes to keep them from slipping, he rolled up a very strong and large pewter-plate. 2. Having laid seven or eight short and strong pieces of tobacco-pipe on the first and third finger, he broke them by the force of his middle finger. 3. He broke the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe placed between his first and third finger, by pressing his fingers together sideways. 4. Having thrust such another bowl under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his thighs, without altering the bending of his leg. 5. He lifted with his teeth, and held in a horizontal position for a considerable time, a table six feet long, with half a hundred weight hanging at the end of it. The feet of the table rested against his knees. 6. Holding in his right hand an iron kitchen-poker, three feet long and three inches round, he struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle. 7. Taking a similar poker, and holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him, and he then pulled it almost straight again. This last feat was the most difficult, because the muscles which separate the arms horizontally from each other are not so strong as those which bring them together. 8. He broke a rope about two inches in circumference, which was partly wound about a cylinder four inches in diameter, having fastened the other end of it to straps that went over his shoulder. 9. Dr. Desaguliers saw him lift a rolling-stone of about 800 lbs. weight, with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a frame fastened to it. Hence Dr. Desaguliers gives the following relative view of the strength of individuals:

Strength of the weakest men . . 125 lbs.
Strength of very strong men . . 400
Strength of Topham 800

The weight of Topham was about 200."

The following is also curious:—

"One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, which you have yourself seen and admired, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shewn in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice, under the direction of an officer in the American navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presense, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they find in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath; and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed, that when one of bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left as it were behind. As you have repeatedly seen this experiment, and have performed the part both of the load and of the bearer, you can testify how remarkable the effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearer strengthened by the prescribed process. At Venice the experiment was performed in a much more imposing manner. The heaviest man in the party was raised and sustained upon the points of the fore-fingers of six persons. Major H. declared that the experiment would not succeed if the person lifted were placed upon a board. He conceived it necessary that the bearers should communicate directly with the body to be raised. I have not had an opportunity of making any experiments relative to these curious facts; but whether the general effect is an illusion, or the result of known or of new principles, the subject merits a careful investigation."—*Sir D. Brewster.*

DEATH OF A FIRST-BORN.

* * * * "By his side,
A kneeling matron clasped the chilly hand,
Now wan and lifeless, shrunken up and dried,
Unconscious of the pressure: life's last sand
Had ebbed into the grave's eternal tide:
Oh! there is something terrible and dread
When mothers gaze upon their first-born dead.

The mourner looked upon the faded face,
Thrill'd with an awe, fearful and unalloyed:
The frame was shorn of that celestial grace
Which animates the brow and stores the mind
With light that is eternal: who can trace
The dying flash, that leaves the flesh behind,
When from its mortal tenement of clay
The beam immortal bursts, and darts away?' *Anon.*

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

NEW EDITION. *Vol. VIII. London*, 1832.

The great interest which the preceding volume of Lord Byron's works—being the first of his poetical writings—has excited will, we think, be increased by the one now before us, containing as it does the whole romance of *Childe Harold*, the most original and felicitous of all the great poet's serious efforts. The following is the editor's account of this remarkable poem.—*Lit. Gaz.*

"The first canto was commenced, as Lord Byron's diaries inform us, at Joannina in Albania, on the 31st of October, 1809; and the second was finished on the 18th of March, in the succeeding year at Smyrna. These two cantos, after having received numberless corrections and additions in their progress through the press, were first published in London in March 1812, and immediately placed their author on a level with the very highest names of his age. The impression they created was more uniform, decisive, and triumphant, than any that had been witnessed in this country for at least two generations. 'I awoke one morning,' he says, 'and found myself famous.' In truth, he had fixed himself, at a single bound, on a summit, such as no English poet had ever before attained but after a long succession of painful and comparatively neglected efforts. Those who wish to analyse with critical accuracy the progress of Lord Byron in his art, must of course, interpose their study of various minor pieces, to be comprised in the ninth volume of this series, between their perusal of the first and second cantos of Childe Harold, and that of the third; which was finished at Diodati, near Geneva, in July 1816, and records the author's mental experiences during his perambulations of the Netherlands, the Rhine country, and Switzerland, in that and the two preceding months—the poetical auto-biography of, perhaps, the most melancholy period of his not less melancholy than glorious life,—that in which the wounds of domestic misery, that had driven him from his native land, were yet green, and bleeding at the touch. This canto was published by itself, in August 1816; and, notwithstanding at once the proverbial hazard of continuations, and the obloquy which envious exaggeration had at the time attached to Lord Byron's name, was all but universally admitted to have more than sustained the elevation of the original flight of Childe Harold. A just and generous article, by Sir Walter Scott, in the *Quarterly Review*, not only silenced the few cavillers who had ventured to challenge the inspiration of this magnificent canto, but had a more powerful influence than Lord Byron, gratefully as he acknowledged it, seems to have been aware of, in rebuking the harsh prejudices which had unfortunately gathered about some essential points of his personal character. The fourth, and by far the longest canto, in itself no doubt the grandest exertion of Lord Byron's genius, appears to have occupied the nearly undivided labour of half a year. It was begun at Venice, in June 1817, and finished in the same city, in January 1818; and being shortly afterwards published in London, carried the author's fame to the utmost height it ever reached. It is at once the most flowing, the most energetic, and the most solemn of all his pieces; and would of itself sufficiently justify the taste of the surviving affection that dictated for the sole inscription of his tombstone—'Here lies the Author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' It has been our object to do now for this great work, as far as our means might permit, what the author himself would, of course, have wished to do for it, had he survived to see it produced in such a form of publication as the present. We have endeavored to equip it with such a body of Notes and Illustrations as may render its often evanescent hints intelligible throughout to the general reader, of what we must already consider as a new generation. From Lord Byron's own Letters and Diaries,—from the writings of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, the truest and sincerest, as well as ablest of his friends, to whom the fourth canto is dedicated in terms of the most touching kindness and manly respect,—and from various other sources,—we have collected whatever seemed necessary to explain the historical and statistical allusions of the poetical pilgrim; and, though by no means desirous of overloading his pages with merely critical remarks, we have not hesitated to quote here and there a peculiarly striking observation, called forth by some signal specimen of grandeur of thought or grace of language, ere yet the first impression of such beauties had been dimmed by familiarity, from such contemporaries as Sir Walter Scott, Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Jeffrey, or Professor Wilson. The original MS. has furnished many *rarie lectiones*, which may probably be interesting to an extensive class of the poet's readers. One, and the most important, in order to avoid repetitions on the margin, we mention once for all here: in the first draught of the opening cantos, the hero is uniformly 'Childe *Burun*.' Some splendid fragments, which the author never worked into the texture of his piece, will also be found in his notes to this edition; nor after the lapse of twenty years, will any one, it is presumed, complain that we have printed in like manner certain complete stanzas, which Lord Byron was induced to withhold from the public, only by tenderness for the feelings of individuals now beyond the reach of satire."

Of the interest imparted to the text by the numerous explanatory notes, we have, in the outset, a striking instance in the following lines from the stanzas in which the Childe penned his last "Good Night" on his native land:

"'Come hither, hither, my little page!*
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.'

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;†
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

'My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.'
'Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.‡

'Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,||
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?'
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.'"

Intrinsically striking as these stanzas are, they become so in a tenfold degree, when it is shewn that they are not mere fancies of the poet's brain, but part and parcel of his own life.

* "This 'little page' was Robert Rushton, the son of one of Lord Byron's tenants. 'I take Robert with me,' says the poet, in a letter to his mother; 'I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal.'—*E.*'

† "Seeing that the boy was 'sorrowful' at the separation from his parents, Lord Byron, on reaching Gibraltar, sent him back to England under the care of his old servant Murray. 'Pray,' he says to his mother, 'shew the lad every kindness, as he has behaved extremely well, and is a great favourite.' He also wrote a letter to the father of the boy, which leaves a most favourable impression of his thoughtfulness and kindliness. 'I have,' he says, 'sent Robert home, because the country which I am about to travel through is in a state which renders it unsafe, particularly for one so young. I allow you to deduct from your rent five and twenty pounds a year for three years, provided I do not return before that time, and I desire he may be considered as in my service.'—*E.*"

‡ "Here follows in the original MS.—

'My mother is a high-born dame,
And much misliketh me;
She saith my rist bringeth shame
On all my ancestry:
I had a sister once I ween,
Whose tears perhaps will flow;
But her fair face I have not seen
For three long years and moe.'

'Methinks it would my bosom glad,
To change my proud estate,
And be again a laughing lad
With one beloved playmate.
Since youth I scarce have pass'd an hour
Without disgust or pain,
Except sometimes in lady's bower,
Or when the bowl I drain.'—*E.*"

|| "William Fletcher, the faithful valet; who, after a service of twenty years ('during which,' he says, 'his lord was more to him than a father,') received the *Pilgrim's* last words at Missolonghi, and did not quit his remains, until he had seen them deposited in the family vault at Hucknell. This unsophisticated 'yeoman' was a constant source of pleasantry to his master:—*e. g.* 'Fletcher,' he says, in a letter to his mother, 'is not valiant: he requires comforts that I can dispense with, and sighs for beer, and beef, and tea, and his wife, and the devil knows what besides. We were one night lost in a thunder-storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases he was sorely bewildered; from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying, I don't know which. I did what I could to console him, but found him incorrigible. He sends six sighs to Sally. I shall settle him in a farm: for he has served me faithfully, and Sally is a good woman.' After all his adventures by flood and field, short commons included, this humble Achates of the poet has now established himself as the keeper of an Italian warehouse, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; where, if he does not thrive, every one who knows any thing of his character will say he deserves to do so.—*E.*"

A Duel between Friends.—"They had been schoolfellows at Eton: very early in life they both entered into a celebrated Irish regiment; and here a circumstance occurred, not unknown to the world, that rivetted their friendship. One day, after dinner, at the mess, some badinage took place between them, which certainly was not so far removed from school-familiarity, nor so sufficiently adapted to the precision of military punctilio, as by some of the company was considered absolutely necessary. Two officers, well known for their love of duelling, took up the subject, and at length gave them to understand that they must have a shot or two at one another, or leave in disgrace the regiment. The two officers were a major and a celebrated captain, both natives of the sister kingdom. The fate of the young friends was inevitable, and their very kind instructors in the necessity of the measure voluntarily offered their services, as seconds, in the affair. As they walked to the field of blood, without a grain of animosity against one another, but of no little displeasure against their friends upon the occasion, who would listen to no excuse, apology, or explanation, Calamy, having a moment's opportunity of speaking to Trollope apart, whispered—'I'll fire at your second, if you'll fire at mine.' 'Agreed,' replied Trollope. When they came upon the ground, and all due preliminaries had taken place, off went their pistols together in a straight line at their seconds. The major and the captain were startled, and were found very ready to settle the affair without further proceedings."

Natural History.—*Twin Goslings.*—A goose, the property of Mrs. Wightman, Maryhill, Closeburn, hatched lately nine goslings from seven eggs. One of the pairs died, but the other is doing well, and will soon be able to dabble in the nearest pond or burn. The gossips of Closeburn, are decidedly of opinion that great events must be near at hand, none of them having ever heard before of two chicks emanating from the same shell.—*Scotch paper.*

Braham's Parrot.—The following anecdote of Braham's parrot is curious:—Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A most remarkable instance I met with at Mr. Braham's villa at Brompton. A lady, who had great admiration for his talents, presented him with a parrot, on which she had bestowed great pains in teaching it to talk. After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room calling out, in a strong hearty manner, "Come, Braham, give us a song!" Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated, and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of "God save the King," in a clear, warbling tone, aiming at the style of the singer, and sang

it through. The ease with which this bird was taught is equally surprising with the performance. The same lady prepared him to accost Catalani, when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed Madame, that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing "Rule, Britannia," in a loud and intrepid tone, the chantress fell on her knees before the bird, exclaiming in terms of delight her admiration of its talents. This parrot has only been exceeded by Colonel Kelly's, who, upon being asked to sing, replied, "I never sing on a Sunday." "Never mind that, Poll; come, give us a song." "No, excuse me, I've got a cold; don't you hear how hoarse I am?" This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of "God save the King," words and music, without hesitation, from the beginning to the end.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1832.

THEATRICALS.

Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week were looked forward to, by the lovers of the Drama, with intense interest. The arrival on our shores of Mr. Charles Kemble and his accomplished daughter, on an engagement at the Park Theatre, caused an immediate rush for seats; and the appearance of Mr. Kemble on Monday evening, in the character of Hamlet, was greeted with the most rapturous applause from a house crowded to overflowing.

It is not singular that an extraordinary interest should have been excited—not only in the regular play-going people, but amongst the community generally, to see these distinguished strangers: for their distinction is not confined to the reputation of belonging to a family which, more than any of their predecessors, has raised the character of the Stage, but includes the fame of high individual attainments, and an elevated personal character.

The style of acting of the Kemble school is new on our boards; but when understood, we anticipate for it a reception which will banish every other. It was never our good fortune to witness the performances of Mr. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, but we have listened with rapture to the description of them by one who had often that gratification, and was every way competent to represent them. We were therefore somewhat prepared to see a *Hamlet* different from any other we had previously witnessed, but were not the less gratified by the personation. Mr. Kemble's figure is commanding, his countenance full of expression, and his voice good. His manner and walk on the stage evidence the accomplished actor and gentleman. His age may be considered a slight objection in the character of Hamlet; but still in those scenes where the strong and impassioned feelings of youth are called forth, there was no want of its fire. The acting of the Kemble school is more serene, and we think, more true to nature, than any other. There is in it no ranting, and strutting about the stage, but passion is most strongly depicted in the deep intonations of the voice, and the marked expression of the features. The readings of Mr. Kemble were far—far superior to any thing we have ever before heard. The long and expressive pauses, and the workings of the mind strongly marked on the countenance, rivet the attention of the auditor.

In our estimation, the advice to the Players and the Soliloquy were the most striking and beautiful points of his acting: and we are satisfied that his style was better appreciated at the close, than at the commencement of the piece. Such a feeling was manifested by applause "long and loud."

Miss Fanny Kemble made her first appearance on Tuesday evening as Bianca, in the tragedy of Fazio. Her reception was the warmest and most cordial that we have ever seen given; and from a fashionable and very crowded house. It was not more rapturous, however, than she proved herself entitled to, by her performance; independent of her high claims as a lady, and as an author of acknowledged talent and reputation.

Miss Kemble's figure is rather below the ordinary height, but of beautiful symmetry. The full, penetrating eye, the expanse of forehead, the strongly marked and expressive features, must be seen to be understood, and when seen cannot but excite admiration. As we have before remarked, we never had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Siddons; but we are strongly impressed with the belief that in her niece we have the nearest approach to her style of acting that has been witnessed since that accomplished lady retired from the stage. It is very evident in what school Miss Kemble has been formed: the same strong and impassioned workings of the countenance, when excited by scorn, hatred or revenge, which are seen in her father, and which in our view come home to the feelings with more force than words, distinguish the daughter. Although badly supported in the piece she had chosen for her first appearance, we consider Miss Kemble's debut the most decidedly successful ever made in this country.

There were passages delivered with such powerful effect that the thrilling emotion produced on the audience cannot soon be forgotten. Of these we may specify the scene in the council chamber, when an officer is sent to arrest Fazio. The whole force of jealousy *revenged* was thrown into the words—

> "You'll find him at the Marchesa Aldabella's:
> Bring him away—no mercy—no delay—
> Nay not an instant—not time for a kiss,
> A parting kiss. (*Aside.*) Now have I widowed her,
> As she has widowed me! Now come what will,
> Those curs'd entwining arms are riven asunder."

Also, in the banqueting chamber, when she charges home on Aldabella her artifices to inveigle away her husband's affections. Nor can we forget, although not here mentioned in regular order, the instantaneous trance that seized her at the first sound of the bell which announced the hour of her husband's execution; when standing erect and immoveable as a marble statue she relaxed not a muscle, but remained insensible to his fond farewells until the striking of the second knell.

We will not venture to enumerate the further beauties of this accomplished actress; but conclude with the following extract from the American.

"If any one could have seen that young and lovely creature, her girlish figure dilating into queenlike dignity while sweeping to her revenge, or heard her tones of anguish while each fibre of her heart was wrung with unavailing remorse, or dwelt upon the deep pathos of her relenting tenderness, or marked her mien as in her piteous distraction she stood like the ideal forms of sculpture—the very embodyment of tragic poetry—if any man, however *use* in theatrical matters, could have witnessed this without emotion, he should be put while living beyond the pale of civilization, and be denied when dead 'the bringing home of bell and burial,'—he should be compelled to pass his days among such barbarous people as Mrs. Trollope describes, and be embalmed after his decease in her immortal pages."

It was with great difficulty occasionally that either Mr. or Miss Kemble could be heard, even in the best situated boxes. Whether this arose from movements in the house, or their not being accustomed to the building, we know not; if the latter we are sure it will be remedied, if the former we trust the good sense of the audience will prevent its repetition.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS.—The Chesnut street Theatre opened on the 8th inst. Sinclair and Madame Feron are playing, and the Ravel family occasionally exhibiting their wonderful feats. Mr. and Mrs. Hilson and Cooper are engaged at the Arch-Street Theatre.

CHAMPAIGNE AND THE "COLLERER."

He who indulges too freely in the use of *Champaigne*, not uncommonly finds *real pain*, and as in the instance here narrated, winds up by being "collared."

"A few nights since, a young man of gentlemanly appearance came down the street, talking very earnestly to himself, and gesticulating with great vehemence. It was some time past 12, and he encountered in three or four squares but few benighted individuals, who gave him a parting glance of surprise, and walked on. The following is the purport of his thinking, in his own words:

'Ned's champaigne is more than good—it's prime. Bad for the cholera though. There's the rub in every thing. Whatever is good is bad. A paradox, hey! Yet I can prove it as clear as—yes, as clear as what? I've got but one similie, and that's not genteel. 'Oh, no, we never mention it' to ears polite—as clear as a pike-staff, or the nose on your face. Is not wine good, when it is good; and isn't it bad to drink wine when it's good? Isn't good acting good, and isn't it bad to go to the theatre to see it? Isn't it good to eat terrapins, venison, canvas backs, lobsters; and isn't it bad, because we get the gout? It is all fact. Whatever is good is bad. I should not wonder if I get the cholera, I feel so good.'

'I say,' cried a man from across the street, 'if you make so much noise you'll be taken up."

'Ah, indeed; thank you. That's a *premonitory;* I'm in for it. People suppose me drunk, merely because I am cheerful. Drunk! here's a pump, and I'll prove my sobriety by waltzing with it.' He danced round the pump, singing 'Tum toodle too—tum toodle too—tum toodle—toodle, toodle, toodle, toodle too tum,' to the tune of 'The Green Hills of Tyrol.' The watch stepped up and seized him by the collar, exclaiming, 'You are my prisoner.'

'Hey, what, collared!—I've got it!'

'Got what, sir?'

'You are the malignant *collerer,* and you've got me; that's all. I'm a case.'

'Yes, it is easy to see you are a case; and now you are on the high road to ruin.'

'I thought I was in a bad way—this is the first stage too, I know, because I am quickly arrested. Let go my coat. Collerer don't gripe me so hard. I can't say I like the treatment. Watchey, you're an awful complaint; you are so catching.'

'Come, my son, don't be a jack-snipe, but toodle as well as you can to quod—keep your wit, and let us have no slack.'

'Slack! what I complain of is the spasmodic contraction of your fingers. The gripe, sir, the gripe.'

'Be quiet, or I'll rap you with my mace.'

'That will be *mace-on,* when I'm *anti.* Do you know that I think such violence rather hard? Now Shakspeare says, beget a temperance, and use all gently—thus!' said the prisoner, attempting to give the Watch a scientific cross. He was too tipsy for success, and the Watch grappled him the tighter.

'Aint you ashamed of yourself?'

'Yes—the attempt and not the deed confounds me. This joking spoils manhood. Oh,' roared he, taking a theatrical attitude—

> 'Oh that I could but meet thee in thy might,
> With but one plank between us and destruction;
> I'd grasp thee in these desperate arms,
> And plunge with thee into the weltering waves.'

'Crickee!' said the Watch, 'such ducking is no sport.'

'Ah, you're no sailor—you are an ultra-marine.'

'Do be quiet, sonny; you gain nothing by cutting monkeys. I must call assistance if you don't.'

'A consultation on my case—no—I don't like it—I'll only get into hot water. I yield, because I have no choice. Come on, Macduff.'

Away they went, and the prisoner escaped with a fine.—*Pennsylvanian.*

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

Our readers may probably think that sufficient notice has been taken of a work evidently written under feelings of disappointment—to use no harsher term—and intended for a particular effect in England. Our object in again calling attention to this book is for the purpose of giving a few extracts from the *Illinois Magazine* published in Cincinnati, a city which was for a time *honored* with her presence, and has received particular notice at her hands. The writer of the article—parts of which only, we have space for—is, probably the Editor himself, who had an opportunity of seeing and knowing *certain* British Travellers who have visited that section of the Union, and upon whom he is very severe.

"Those of our citizens who knew the authoress of this work, during her residence here, will, probably, be as much surprisd at the strange accounts she has published respecting us, as they were at the curious coincidence of her name with her appearance and manners. This was so striking, that it appeared very difficult for a considerable portion of those who were told her name, after having seen her, and remarked her aspect and demeanour, to believe that the name applied to her, was not, in reality, a *soubriquet* bestowed upon her for the purpose of expressing, with the greatest brevity possible, the precise idea that was entertained of her character. She was certainly considered, by most of those who saw her occasionally, as the very personification of the idea conveyed by her name in its vulgar acceptation. Although she was a woman of some talent, and appeared to possess an extensive knowledge of light literature, yet the prejudices of our citizens against female philosophers of Miss Frances Wright's school, excluded her from all society, except that of a limited class, consisting, we believe, of a few of those of her school of morals among her own countrymen, and two or three families of simple, single-hearted people, of the old backwoods school, who think the character of a stranger one that confers an irresistible claim to their attention and hospitality.

The accounts she has given of the state of society and manners in this country, may, perhaps, have been taken from those of some of her associates; for we have, among the immense variety of our immigrants, a number of queer characters; or they may (which we think most probable) have been concocted from her recollections of scenes detailed in the Miverva novels, which she probably used to read in her youthful days. From whatever source they may have been drawn, they are certainly as new, as curious, and as wonderful to us, as they possibly can be to any of her European readers.

The view of American manners, given in this book, is manifestly shaded by the many annoyances which the authoress suffered during her residence here.—Among them, one of the greatest appears to have been the fastidious delicacy of the ladies, which deprived them of the benefits which her example and instruction would have bestowed upon them. She appears to have made her visit to this country in company with Miss Frances Wright; and we should judge, that she entertained the belief, that her patroness and Mr. Robert Owen, had converted the natives to atheism, and that she would here be able to live in a society in which the female sex were not subjected to the restraints of religion and morality. To some of those restraints which her sex are generally considered as more especially required to respect she was supposed to be particularly averse; and although she suffered no persecution on account of any of her strange doctrines, yet it would seem that this was not sufficient for her. Her philanthropy could be satisfied with nothing less than seeing the ladies of the place which she honoured by making her residence, abandon their old-fashioned notions of prudence, soberness and chastity, and boldly assume those rights of women which her patroness had previously proclaimed, and expounded throughout the country, to numerous and attentive audiences. It must have been a great disappointment to her, to discover that herself and her superior Priestess were considered as beacons by which the American ladies were warned to avoid the rocks and shoals of infidelity, rather than as examples to be followed into the paths of unrestrained indulgence. It was probably mortifying to find the number of ladies of that class who are governed by similar notions of morality and religion with herself, smaller in Cincinnati than in other towns of equal extent and population.

The universal devotion of the citizens to pursuits of active industry, of which she speaks with so much contempt, preserves them from many of those temptations, the want of which form the subject of many of Mrs. T.'s complaints, and consequently prevents the increase of that class of female philosophers, who consider any restraint upon the passions as unnatural and unphilosophical; and, therefore, to be eschewed by all who take an interest in the promotion of human happiness.

As we have already remarked, Mrs. T. gives us information respecting the state of manners among a certain class of our citizens, which will be found as new and curious, by most of us, as any accounts that would be given respecting the inhabitants of the most remote and obscure parts of Europe.—Aware, as we were, of the great diversity of dialects to be found among us, we were not prepared for such an one as that in which the conversation she has detailed, were carried on, and are inclined to think that it must have been invented for her particular benefit, since it is now entirely extinct, and was altogether unknown before her arrival."

Here follow some remarks on *certain* other British travellers.

"A true cockney philosopher is so busy in instructing *the natives*, that he never learns any thing himself, during his stay among us. Indeed, he would consider it a sacrifice of dignity to learn any thing from a Yankee—one which would be as degrading as to eat his dinner without a silver fork. The consequence of this feeling is, that we have, in our country many specimens of what we consider English follies; and among them, a building, called the Bazaar, situated as much out of the business haunts of the city, as the projectors could easily have placed it. This was intended to be made a centre of attraction for all the city; and the regular course of business was to be entirely changed, upon no better consideration than that of gratifying a cockney whim. And it is probably owing to the fact, that such an effect was not produced by such a cause, that the world has been favored with Mrs. T.'s book. The present occupant of this building—a Frenchman,—has discovered however, that it is not necessarily so entirely useless an establishment, as it appeared to be; and by the aid of French cookery, and civil, obliging manners, he contrives to attract visiters enough to make a comfortable livelihood. It may be considered, perhaps, a greater display of genius to attempt to control circumstances, than to adapt one's operations to them; but, unless the person who attempts it, be possessed of greater talents than Mrs. T. the attempt will generally fail in this country.

It appears to be so fully believed by some of our visiters from England, that every thing must be regulated by us, in such a manner as to be adapted to promote the success of any new notion which they condescend to introduce among us that when they see their novel, wild, and unappropriate plans entirely fail, they seem as much disappointed and astonished as if some change had taken place in the laws of nature. In their endeavors to discover the cause of their difficulties, it never occurs to them that it is their own folly und wrong-headedness, but it must be owing to some strange and unknown perversity in the Yankee character, or some dreadful evil in our institutions. This notion being adopted, it generally produces a book, filled with such speculations as might naturally be expected to come from such a source."

"Mrs. Trollope, if she was capable of comprehending the difference between vulgarity and simplicity, might improve her powers of describing manners and customs. If she could understand something of the circumstances which require different modes of life, in different countries; and if she could comprehend the influence of her own appearance and manners, upon those whom accident brings into her company, she might modify her opinions upon subjects very materially."

If injustice is frequently done to the U. States by *certain* British Travellers, we have occasionally a work from others, who, devoid of prejudice, state things as they are. Such is the character of a book written by Mr. Ouseley, late Attache to the British Legation at Washington. He thus speaks of the Clergy of the United States.

"In America the Clergy have no connexion with the Government, or with any political party, directly or indirectly; they are not magistrates, nor do they take part in any of the lighter recreations of society that in this country are looked upon as, at least, harmless amusements. Clergymen are rarely if ever seen either at a ball or party; nor do they mix much in general and large companies, unless when brought together for the promotion of some charitable measure, or some association connected with their religious duties. It is not intended to institute a comparison between the habits and principles of the American Clergy and those of the Church of England, but to mention facts that account for their total difference of political life. Indeed, the difference of feeling in the two countries is so great, that if a Clergyman were, in most parts of the United States, to be seen at a theatre, at a dance, or to join a card party, he would certainly fall in the esteem and opinion of his flock; but if he were to become habitually a frequenter of balls, plays, &c. or be tempted to become a sportsman or fox hunter, he certainly would not long continue to fill the station of pastor to any congregation. I do not pretend to give any opinion as to the comparative merits of the two systems, nor is either censure or approbation implied of the severity of public opinion in America on this subject. These facts, however, joined to the absence of all political or worldly dignities, in the ecclesiastical body in the United States, render large incomes quite unnecessary to the Clergy of that country; and the assertion, therefore, of the mean amount of their emoluments being greater than, or nearly equal to, that of the Clergymen of England, is the more surprising."

The following, from the Northampton Courier, is worthy of being transferred into the columns of every public journal, and the *rebuke* is justly deserved by *all* who indulge in

Eves Dropping.—"Now among the many despicable and contemptuous acts some men may be guilty of, we hardly know of one wholly so loathsome and detestable as that of catching up detached parts and loose sentences of private conversation, and giving them to the world, in a distorted and discolored aspect, through the columns of a public newspaper. Such things have always received the contempt and scorn of honest men, and they still deserve so to be treated and considered. It is a shameless violation of the common courtesies of life and of all private confidence, and its tendency is to introduce reserve and distrust into social intercourse and make the expression of opinions and sentiments hazardous and baneful. Every gentleman spurns to resort to such despicable measures to promote or facilitate any political object, and all decent editors should cautiously refrain from the exercise of such foul means to promote even a good end."

The Chase.—The Montreal Gazette informs us that Commodore Barrie has presented to the Hunt fourteen couple of hounds, from the crack packs of Lord Lonsdale and Sir Bellingham Graham, and adds: "To all lovers of canine beauty and perfect animal proportions, we recommend a walk to the Kennel, in Papineau Road, where the herculean strength of *Newton*, the commanding figures of *Kellett* and *Stratford*, the graceful form of *Juno*, and the general symmetry of the whole pack will reward their trouble, and gratify their taste.

This pack will commence hunting regularly twice a week, in the course of the present month, and will doubtless afford excellent sport, and make "the welkin ring again" with their music.

As reported in the Quarterly Review for March last; during the progress of the Reform Bill. Sir Francis Burdett following hounds exclaimed in ecstacy, "worth twenty Reform Bills by George." With such attractions we recommend this exhilarating sport to some of the hot-headed politicians on this side of the water."

Un-paid Letters.—Although we have frequently called attention to our terms, that all letters must come *post paid*, yet as in many instances they still arrive at the Post office *un-paid*, and as some of them may be of consequence either to the writers or ourselves, we would again state that letters cannot be received unless post free, or containing remittances from which the charge may be defrayed. If postage should be paid by the writer where it ought to be incurred by us, we will at all times allow the amount in settlement.

Exchanges.—We some months since notified those of our contemporaries who might wish our journal, that it should be forwarded one year on receipt of *two dollars*, postage paid, and the insertion of a short circular once in six months,—and now renew the offer, in consequence of the repeated requests to us for "Exchange," which, on account of the extended list we now have, we cannot reasonably be expected to comply with, unless we can derive some advantage thereby. It is also necessary, for the reasons above stated, to curtail our *present exchange list*—and those who do not receive our next paper will understand the cause. We do this with regret, but, as will be seen, with good reason.

THE IRISH DRAGOON.

Air—"*Mrs. O'Daisy.*"

When first for Ould England I left Killarney,
And footed it merrily over the sea;—
The folks they so bother'd me all with their blarney,
I wish'd myself back with sweet Judy M'Cree:
But I hit on a honey who tipp'd me some money,
And 'listed me, faith! in the twink of an eye;
A loyal dragoon soon I strutted so funny,
And devil a soul was so merry as I.

A pair of jack-boots, oh! they bade me be claning,
As rough as a badger their surfaces were;
"But, arrah!" says I, "and what is it you're maning?
Botheration! I never can polish these here."
Then soon they convinced me of sense I was lacking,
And wasn't half up to the best of their fun;
For scarce had I touch'd 'em with Warren's jet-blacking,
Ere they show'd my nate features as bright as the sun.

Sure I thought 't was Ould Nick, that decateful rapscallion,
Had play'd me some trick, and the phiz was his own;
But I learn'd from the crature that drill'd the battalion,
'Twas the beauty of Warren's jet-blacking alone:
So I carry the face of each lass that passes,
On both my jack-boots; and no longer a loon,
When I visit Killarney the swate Irish lasses
Will simper and sigh for the Irish Dragoon!

Stage Effect.—"A few years ago the Whitehaven company of comedians were performing at a temporary theatre at Wigton, Cumberland. The green-room was a stable, and the other out-buildings being completely occupied, the said green-room was the only residence for a poor unfortunate calf just taken from the cow. This proved a very noisy companion, particularly in the early part of the evening, before the juvenile ox was supplied with his supper. To remedy the evil, the performers (in rotation or as they could oblige each other) hit upon the plan of holding their fingers in his mouth during every scene of interest; and while employed in gnawing the digits, he was tolerably quiet. On one occasion, however, when Harry Johnston was "starring it" as *Richard*, the animal was left alone, and the following scene ensued: *Lady Anne*—"Would I knew thy heart!" *Richard*—"'Tis figured in my speech." *Calf*—"Baa! Baa!" *Richard*—"Some of you go to the calf." *Lady Anne*—"I fear me both are false." *Richard*—"Then never man was true." *Calf*—"Baa! Baa!" *Richard*—"Why the devil don't one of you go and give the calf your fingers to suck?" The confusion of the actors and the mirth of the audience may be imagined."

The Patient with two Physicians.—In the height of his malady, M. d'Argout, who was attended by the celebrated Dr. Broussais and another physician, was told by the former that if he took hot sudorific drinks, his disorder, which was cholera, would speedily terminate fatally, and his only safe course was to lose blood and take ice. By the other physician he was told, on the contrary, that this system would certainly kill him, and that his only safety was in warm drinks, often resorted to. Here was a puzzle for the patient. M. d'Argout, however, who had some knowledge of medicine, adopted both courses—he lost a little blood, he took a little ice, and he drank some warm drinks, and he speedily and entirely recovered.—*Messager des Chambres.*

Anecdote of Rowland Hill.—He had just concluded his sermon, when he said, 'One word more, my Christian brethren. The next is our quarterly meeting; and there are many of you here to-day, who may not then be present: therefore you may as well go into the vestry, and pay your money directly; for though I may be able to go on pretty well if you be not present yourselves, yet it is impossible I can get on at all, if I don't have your money.

Respectability.—Q. What do you mean by respectability?—A. "He always keeps a gig."—*Thurtell's Trial.*—Thus does society naturally divide itself into four classes: Noblemen, Gentlemen, Gigmen, and Men.—*Fraser's Mag.*

New "Branch of Industry."—The show board and shop-bills of one Dupre, a *perruquier*, living at No. 21, Rue de la Paix, Paris, contains, in English, the following libellous announcement:—"Has on sale *whigs* of every description!"

Canvas Backs.—The *bon vivans* of America, talk of the canvas back with an interest that borders on affectation, and is sometimes very amusing. Sir, said an old gentleman to me, I wished to give a duck feast, and accordingly I bought nine couple of them all fresh killed, and all of the right weight. I stuffed them in every corner of my gig, and would not suffer the cook to touch them except in my presence; I dressed them all myself, in different ways, and in my own parlor, so as to have them all done according to figure, sir. Well, sir, all my company had arrived, except an old German; we could not wait, and sat down without him. When he came, he exclaimed, "What, noshing but duckhs!" I started up in a rage, sir! a violent rage, sir! "noshing but duckhs!" I repeated after him. Why, you old scoundrel, said I, your own Emperor of Austria never had such a dinner, he could not, sir, though he gave the best jewel in his crown for it.—*Vigne's Six Months in America.*

From the Merchants' Intelligencer.

A HUSKING-BEE.—*A Story of Former Days.*

Times have changed, ay, sadly changed, since I was a-boy. All things have put on new garments, and the old ones are cast away, as old fashioned, degrading, and worthless. Even in my own native village, which has long been famed for its plainness, neatness, and regularity, great innovations have been made. Artificial knick-knacks have taken the place of quaker-like plainness and simplicity; cotillion parties, of the simple country dances; and lascivious waltzes, of husking-bees, paring-bees, and many other kinds of bees. I do not like these new-fangled notions half so well as I do the old ones—they are not a tenth part so mirthful, so spirit-stirring, so gladdening to the hearts of both old and young. But of all the bees which I was wont to attend in my youth, the husking-bee was my favorite. There is something hilarous, something almost enchanting, in the very name; and I cannot think of the many happy hours it has afforded me without feeling a thrill of my pleasure. Its sports were congenial to my taste and feelings, and I always longed for the season of corn gathering.

There is a certain husking-bee which I shall always remember; it has been the source of many of the anxieties, and of all the pleasures, which have chequered my after-life. I can remember the time, the circumstances, and the company, as if it were but yesterday. The barn in which it was holden was large and commodious, and a pile of corn, reaching nearly to the "great beams," held possession of the floor. The bee was attended by all the young people within a circle of four miles; merry young husbands and wives also helped to make up the party, and showed that matrimony had not in the least diminished their love for mirth and husking-bees; and even many of the "old folks," such as liked to see the younger ones frolic, looked in complaisantly upon us. We were cheerful as larks when we commenced—every one of the fellows husked at a prodigious rate, expecting every moment to find a red ear. Here let me explain for the benefit of the present generation.

It was a privilege of long standing, and one never questioned, to my knowledge, that when any of the youngsters found a red ear, he had the liberty—it was scarcely ever doubted—to salute the cheek of "the girl he loved best;" so when a girl found a red ear, she had the liberty of saluting the cheek of the fellow she liked best; if she should happen to show any reluctance about the matter, she was then adjudged to salute the cheeks of all the fellows in the company; but if she was still refractory, and would not perform her duty, another law for such cases was made and provided, viz: that the cheek of the said damsel should be entirely free for every and any unmarried fellow belonging to the bee. It was also a law that a brother should not salute the cheek of a sister, nor a sister that of a brother. This was sometimes called the "kissing law," and none who were shackled with the bonds of wedlock, were permitted to enjoy its benefits. It was ordered that husband should salute wife, and wife salute husband. This clause, however, was frequently infringed, for it was not an uncommon thing to see a young wife willingly lend her blushing cheek to a handsome lad, behind a heap of husks, or some other dark corner, when their husbands were out of sight. So, vice versa, with the husbands. But this—matrimonial licenses—is forbidden ground; therefore I will trespass no further. Having satisfactorily explained the laws of a husking-bee, I will proceed with my story.

We husked nearly half an hour—turned the corn topsy turvy—but none were so fortunate as to find a red ear; and it was pretty generally believed that there were few or none in the pile. Time began to lag heavily—many of us were already silent, dull, stupid and sleepy; there was no laughter, no gaiety, no joyous shout, and all because there was no red ears. At length a song was proposed to cheer up our drooping spirits, and it was decreed that Dolly Dean, the best singer present, should sing the husking song. Here permit me to say a word about Dolly—it will slip so easily from my pen that I shall not mind the effort.

She was as lovely a creature as ever gathered lilies on a green meadow—she was lovesome as a turtle dove, gentle, amiable, and virtuous. Her hair was auburn, and her natural ringlets fell in a careless gracefulness around a neck which would vie in whiteness with the new-fallen snow. Her cheeks were bright and blushing, and looked like a pair of roses—such a pair as one gathers just at the rising of the sun, when they are fresh and fragrant with dew. Her lips were vermillion, and a soft, rich, pleasant, enticing smile, played around them continually; but her eyes—those tale bearers of the soul—what shall I say of them? I have never seen a pair that was their equal in beauty and brightness; there was a modesty, a gentleness, sweetness, vivacity, and love, so perfectly interwoven with every look, that each seemed a part of the eye itself. Take her all in all, it was enough to do one's soul good to look at her. For my part I could not meet her glance without feeling my heart race up and down my side as if it were a breathing animal. The truth must be told—I had just began to feel the workings of young love, and every glance from Dolly was kindling it into a flame. But to my story again. Dolly, after some hesitation, was prevailed upon to sing the husking song. Her voice was like an angels, and it made the old barn ring with melody. My heart danced a hornpipe all the while she was singing.

"A husking-bee, a husking-bee,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, heigh ho,
Where all the boys and girls will be,
Where lips and cheeks will all be free,
And kisses sweet are given with glee,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, heigh ho."

She had just completed this stanza, when a joyful cry arose on the other side of the pile—"A red ear! a red ear!" All work, as well as the song, was instantly brought to a stand. "Pay the forfeit! pay the forfeit!" shouted a dozen voices. The girls began to titter, blush, and hold down their heads. "He shant kiss me," said one; "nor me," said another; and so with nearly all the unmarried girls present. Jo Lear, a tall, brawny, bush-headed, strapping fellow, was the fortunate youth, and he was soon on his feet, scanning the group with a curious eye, to see who he should select. Two seconds was time enough for him to make a selection, and he made his way to a rosy-cheeked girl, "not at all loath," and paid his forfeit. A loud laugh followed this feat, and all went to husking again. But red ears began to grow plenty, and if I should give my own opinion upon the subject, I should say that there was rather more kissing than husking the remainder of the evening. But it so happened that I was not so fortunate as the rest, for I could find no red ears. I cursed my evil stars no less than twenty times, and wished the heap of corn at Bedlam as many. I wished to find one, for I longed to pay a forfeit on Dolly's cheek; it had not been saluted by the touch of another's lips that evening, and I wished to be the first—ay, the very first—who should salute it. At last I found one—it was a joyful moment for me—I was called upon as usual, and immediately complied, paying principal and interest with a good earnest. Matters then went on gloriously, yet I was not entirely at my heart's ease, for there were two or three sitting between me and Dolly. I wished to be at her side, accordingly I moved the huge pumpkin which served me for a seat, towards her. I was obliged to suffer the jokes and laughter of the company for this, but I knew my purpose, and withstood them manfully. I soon began to enjoy my situation, and in less than five minutes I was talking love. Only think of one's talking love to a young lady while seated upon a huge pumpkin! Young folks think now-a-days that they can't talk such trash unless they are seated on a sofa; but in olden times we were glad to hold such converse seated on a pumpkin, oak-bottomed chair, or settee, in a kitchen, woodshed, or any out-of-the way place where the old folks could not get a squint at us.

I found four red ears during that evening, and paid each forfeit upon the same cheek. Dolly showed considerable bashfulness about my frequent salutations, and once chided me sharply; but it made no difference, for I had lost my heart and was fully determined to regain it, with another to boot.

The bee broke up about twelve, and I went home with Dolly, as "a matter of course." The old folks had gone to bed, nevertheless I accepted her invitation to "walk in." She blew up the slumbering coals, lit a candle, and, seating ourselves as lovers generally do, held a most delicious chit-chat. Time passed swiftly, and it was broad day before either of us were aware of it. It was time to be off, and I snatched my hat, told her that I would call next Sunday evening, and took my departure. I was as good as my word; and I also went the next, and the next, until I fairly got into an inveterate habit of going to Dolly's every Sunday evening. Any yankee may guess what grew out of this habit—it was nothing less than downright matrimony, and in the course of a few years, ten fine, healthy looking, laughter-loving boys and girls, as ever gladdened the heart of a father. So much for a good old-fashioned Husking-Bee.

A word more about Dolly. She is not quite so blooming as she was when I talked love to her on a pumpkin. I mentioned the circumstance to her the other day—"Tush, tush, man," said she, "'twas nothing but a pumpkin seated on a pumpkin." It was a sarcastic rejoinder, but I was mum, for I dislike family broils, and think it best to cringe a little rather than provoke a second reply.

P. S.—I have just been viewing my corn—it looks nobly—and I shall have two hundred bushels if the rust keeps at a proper distance, and what is more, I have determined to have a husking-bee as soon as it is gathered. I'll warrant, if the young folks will carry it on as we were wont to in olden time, that it will be the making of no less than a dozen matches.

A VILLAGER.

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

From a Biographical notice of this lady, whose decease we so lately announced, contained in the Court Journal, we take the principal paragraphs. The character set forth is one every way enviable, and may well be referred to with satisfaction by all who bear her name.—*Atlas.*

"From our space, our account of her early life, and the subsequent writings which were its fruits, can be but brief. But the violet is a small flower, yet its sweetness spreads far as the rose. Miss Anna Maria Porter, though a native of England, was taken an infant to Scotland, where she was brought up. Her sister Miss Jane Porter's little domestic introductions to her works in 'The Standard Novels,' give several interesting anecdotes of the plan used in the culture of their minds there, by their mother; whose venerable name is not held in less respect, than that of any of the most revered of our British matrons, having shewn in herself the best excellencies of the female character, in a wife's a widow's, a mother's fulfilled duties. She educated her children on these principles; and, though neither of her daughters took on themselves the same train of woman's usual destiny, their pens have been devoted to instil from the parental source, the precepts and example of such a character. But, perhaps, her youngest daughter, the lamented subject of this memoir, executed her self-imposed task with a deeper insight than her sister, into the female heart; and with a more intimate knowledge of all the bearings of domestic affections, feelings, and mutual sensibilities to be cherished, or gently changed from weakness into strength, but in no instance to be designedly offended. In painting these family pictures, Miss Anna Maria Porter's pen, we may venture to say, *was quite at home!* Her kind, delicate and endearing spirit, delighted in all the fostering amenities, all the tendernesses, and elegant courtesies of life; and, most especially, these to be shewn at the domestic hearth. Of such, were the wives, the mothers, the daughters, the sisters, the friends, in her novels; from that sweet tale of her early youth, 'The Hungarian Brothers,' to her yet more admirable 'Barony.'—Alas! the last of her works.

Between those novels, her prolific genius, united with her earnest love of labouring in this 'Eden garden of heaven's own flowers,' for the bosoms of her young contemporaries, made her pass away her own life's spring and summer, in the production of many engaging and instructive volumes of a similar character. 'Don Sebastian' followed 'The Hungarian Brothers,' in order of time. And in the portrait of Cara Azak, the faithful wife of the hero, we have a picture, which several amiable and happy women we know, have since acknowledged to have been the model whence they first sketched the line to secure their own connubial bliss. 'The Recluse of Norway,' gives us sisterly, unselfish, affection, 'in honour preferring each other.' 'The Village of Mariendorpt, shews the perfection of filial duty. But how can we name in distinctions, or rather, how divide a spirit that with one great principle pervades them all? A spirit never weary to promote religious motives, blameless moral conduct, and the forbearing, cherishing love, which should ever abide in the human heart, with regard to all its relations in this probationary existence.

But we must not leave this part of the subject, without noticing her accurate description of fashionable manners. Delightfully amusing, when found innocently gay; but in most striking warning, when they lead to pining regrets, misery, and too frequently to ruin. Her 'Honor O Hara,' and especially her tale called 'Coming Out,' need not our criticism, to shew their value as beacons in this way. Miss A. M. Porter was a sweet poetess; many specimens grace her novels; and some of them have not less sweet airs adapted to them by some of our best composers. One, 'You lonely star,' from her story of 'Jeannie Holiday,' (that lovely Scottish tale, in her 'Tales round a Winter Hearth,' so often compared in tender pathos, to the long celebrated ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray!') was set and sung with all her fine voice's affecting melody, by Miss Patty Wilkinson.

The year after the publication of 'The Barony,' the venerable and beloved mother of our authoress died. From that period, Miss Anna Maria Porter's health, always fragile, became more so; and her sister, with a natural anxiety, which held her as one of the last of her treasures on earth, in the course of a few months afterwards, took her from their home at Esher in Surrey, to begin a little tour for change of scene and air. During March and April of the present year, they were in London; and there, many friends of past times renewed the pleasure of meeting once again, in their dear Anna Maria, whose attaching social qualities were ever uppermost in the minds of which knew her best—so much in true value, is real worth of heart, beyond even first-rate talents, though possessed by the same beloved person. Vanity had no place in her character. She thought humbly of her own talents; and still more humbly of the unobtrusive tenor of a life, which, in the retirement of her village home, she had long dedicated to the Christian's silent walk of 'charity with all human beings, in thought word, and deed!' In the course of their purposed tour, the sisters came to Bristol on the 28th May; where their brother, Dr. Porter, resides as a physician. Miss A. M. Porter was taken ill of a fever on the 3d of June, which, in spite of his utmost skill, and that of another professional gentleman, terminated her earthly life on the 21st of the same month. But she closed it in the spirit of that life's career;—an example to the 'lowly in heart!' and to those who have a faithful trust in the Divine Promise, that 'such shall see God!' She was interred in St. Paul's Churh, Bristol; and a funeral sermon was preached on the following Sunday, to her memory, by the Rev. Henry Street, from the text,—'There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.' Hebrews, chap. iv. verse ix. We understand that a similar tribute, to the same meek and exemplary virtues, was paid by the Rector of Esher, the village of her late home, last Sunday. Such is the honest mode of real respect to real merit. It needs not titles, nor rank, nor wealth, to call it forth. And our pen, with a melancholy gratification, here signs its own proof."

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT,

WHOSE MOTHER HAD DIED BEFORE HER.

Home to thy mother, little one!
This world hath strife and care
Too grievous for a thing so soft
And frail as thou to bear;
Come to thy grave!—a happy home
For those who shrink from grief to come!

Lay down thy little head by her's
Who did not live to see
The opening bloom, the smile, the tears,
Of thy sweet infancy.
Home to the grave! a sacred home
For those who shrink from guilt to come.

Tell her what bitter tears were shed
Upon thy cradled face;
Tell her what yearning looks were spent
Her smiles in thine to trace;
Tell her what anguish seemed to come
When she forsook her mortal home.

Tell her what tender watchfulness
Thy baby eyes beguil'd;
Tell her that those she left behind,
Still lov'd her in her child;
Tell her then to dwell a happy home
For summoned to the life to come.

Tell her thy little soul returns
As pure to Heaven and her,
As when athwart the tempest's rage,
A dove-like messenger,
From brighter lands it seem'd to come
And call her gentle spirit home.

Come, sweet one!—come—a palmy crown
Shall twine thy sinless brow;
A father's arms have held thee here,
A mother's wait thee now;
A mother's arms!—oh! happy home!
Oh! happy summons! Sweet one,—come!—*Lon pa.*

From the Atlas.

Extraordinary Escapes.—The danger of falling into the power of the current, for a long distance above the cataract of Niagara is well known. The appalling consequences to be apprehended in such an event, it might be supposed would lead to such cautions as would prevent any exposure. Yet accidents do every now and then take place; and a very narrow escape is related in a late number of the Rochester Observer. We subjoin the principal facts of the narrative.

A boat belonging to the Welland Canal, received freight from the Canada shore, two or three miles above the falls, and was towed up by a horse on the bank. The master of the boat being sick, the management was entrusted to another man, a boy of 17 years old, and a young woman of the same age. From some defect the tow rope gave way, when the boat was about three miles above the falls. Those on board soon discovered that they were not only floating fast from the shore, but rapidly downwards. They could not reach the bottom with their setting poles, and had no means of making a successful effort to regain the land. "Consternation seized the crew as they saw on the one hand the American shore, at the distance of 2 miles, and on the other the Canada shore, at the distance of 1 mile, fast receding; and a mile and a half below they saw rising the smoke of the dreadful cataract, which they of one accord had now concluded would form their common grave. All was excitement. At last the man, the only efficient hand in the management of the boat, concluded to make one exertion to save himself—plunged overboard and swam towards the Canada shore, taking a diagonal course hoping to land above falls. He was discovered from bank, and at great risk was taken from the river just at the breaking of the water. After he left the boat, the boy and the young woman concluded to make one last effort, which they did by raising a sail, hoping that the almost imperceptible breeze might float them far enough to land them on Goat Island. Their mast consisted of their setting pole set into the stove pipe, to which they attached blankets for sails. They floated so far towards the American shore that they were taken from the boat by six men who ventured to their relief, although they were then so near the Falls that the water had become very rough. The boat passed on the American side of Goat Island among the rocks, in the rapids, just above the Falls, where it remained when the writer left the spot.

"The whole circumstances as related by the young man are most deeply interesting and affecting, and although too deeply affected when he told the story the next day, to give a connected chain of the event, yet he manifested during the transaction, a presence of mind in erecting sails, closing windows, &c. which would have been creditable to riper years, and no doubt saved them from the destruction that awaited them. The boat had a horse on board, which they forced overboard during the time of their greatest peril, hoping he would reach the Canada shore; but the poor animal made his grave in the vortex below."

Another surprising escape from danger of a different kind is mentioned in a Portsmouth N. H. paper. It occurred at an Iron foundry; and an account of it may be useful in the way of teaching precaution at another time, as well as interesting for other reasons. On Saturday, says the paper, a report as loud as the discharge of a twenty-four pounder, echoed through our town. It was made by a singular explosion in the iron-foundry. They had been casting, and it was supposed that all the melted iron had run from the furnace, and preparation was made for extinguishing the cinders that were left. The furnace is a hexagon, cased with iron, and sets more than a foot from the ground, on four iron legs. To extinguish the cinders several buckets of water were usually turned into the hollow under the furnace, and then the bottom of the furnace is opened, and the contents are emptied. On this occasion the cinders had in some way confined a portion of the melted iron, though it was not supposed that any remained in the furnace until the bottom was removed, when the whole mass descended together into the water. The concussion it caused was tremendous. The furnace almost uninjured measured its length upon the ground; particles of the melted iron were thrown against the roof of the building; although the large doors were opened, every window in the building was shattered: and the heavy roof, a surface of about perhaps 2000 square feet, was raised from the brick work to which it was attached, and now rests about four inches above where it was previously fixed. One leg of the furnace was thrown the distance of thirty feet, over the heads of the workmen, and through a window in the opposite corner. Of the thirteen men which were at the time in the building but one received any injury, and he was not essentially hurt. *The explosion was not heard by them.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE BLOOD.

The new work of Dr. William Stevens, entitled "Observations on the healthy and diseased properties of the Blood," referred to in our last, is, we learn, forthcoming also from a publishing house in this city. Meantime, we present to the reader a brief account of his production.

The author sets out with proving that the red color of the blood is caused by the saline matters contained in it, and not by the presence of oxygen, as is generally supposed: his own words are—

"It is, I believe, a common opinion, that the arterial colour of the blood is produced by the absorption of oxygen into this fluid; I shall afterwards, however, endeavour to prove that this is not only an error, but one that has been the cause of great mortality in the practice of medicine. When oxygen is brought into direct, or even into indirect, contact with venous blood, it instantly reddens the colour. It is not, however, the absorption of oxygen which causes this change; for it is not by addition that this gas produces its effect in brightening the blood, for scarlet is the natural colour of the vital current, and this it owes to another cause. I have ascertained, by numerous experiments, that all the acids blacken the blood; and my conviction is, that carbonic acid, and not carbon, is the cause of the dark colour in the venous circulation. Oxygen, however, possesses, as I shall afterwards prove, a powerful attraction for carbonic acid; and when venous blood is exposed to the air, either in the lungs or out of the body, oxygen brightens its colour, *not by addition*, but by *attracting* or removing the carbonic acid from the venous blood, and this becomes bright, exactly in proportion as it loses that which had been the cause of its dark hue. In a high temperature the acid is rapidly removed by the oxygen; when this is effected, the blood is purified, and instantly recovers its natural or scarlet appearance. Oxygen, however, is essential to life; for, without this, the heavy deleterious gas, which is the cause of the impurity in the venous circulation, would not be removed in the pulmonary organs. But the scarlet colour exists in the blood independent of oxygen, or, at all events, oxygen of itself cannot produce either the red or the arterial appearance; for when we cover the crassamentum, when it first coagulates, with a layer of distilled water, or any other fluid which does not contain saline matter, the acid may be removed by the oxygen or absorbed by the water, but the colour becomes darker than it had been before. On the other hand, when we immerse the black and saltless crassamentum in any clear *saline* fluid, the colour instantly changes from dark venous to a bright arterial; and when the fluid which we use is sufficiently impregnated with saline matter, this change is produced *when we make the experiment, as I have frequently done, even in an atmosphere of carbonic acid.*"

He then shews that muriate of soda is the principal saline ingredient in the blood, and that it is the presence of this substance which is the chief cause of its colour, which property it shares with all the neutral salts, while acids and alkalies invariably blacken its hue, which is likewise the case when the saline substances are either absent or deficient.

"When we cut out a piece of the red crassamentum from healthy blood which has just coagulated, and immerse this in distilled water, the water rapidly attracts the saline ingredients out of the clot. In proportion as this takes place, the colour changes, and in a short period it becomes perfectly black; from this we may infer, that black is the natural colour of the colouring matter; for it is only red so long as it remains in immediate contact with a saline fluid. Which we take this black clot out of the distilled water, and expose it directly to the air, it remains black; or, if we immerse it in a jar of pure oxygen, the oxygen can now no more redden its colour, than it can change the colour of the blackest ink. There is but one way by which the red colour can be restored, and that is neither by air, iron, nor oxygen, but by restoring to the blood the saline matter which it has lost; and when we sprinkle or rub a small quantity of the muriate or the carbonate of soda, or any of the neutral salts, on the black clot, not merely the red, but a colour that is highly arterial, is immediately produced; or when we make an artificial serum, by impregnating water with any of the neutral salts, and then take the black clot out of the clear fresh water and immerse it in this equally clear saline fluid, it is immediately changed from black to a bright red colour. When we take this scarlet clot out of the saline fluid, and immerse it again in distilled water, it soon becomes black; but when we remove it from this, and immerse it again in the clear saline fluid, it again changes to a rich scarlet; and this we can repeat, even with the same clot, as often as we please. Now, as these experiments prove that, when the saline matter is withdrawn from the blood, it becomes black, and when this is restored, it recovers its arterial colour, we may then, I believe, safely infer that the saline matter of the vital current is the true cause of the red colour of the colouring matter, and, of course, of the red colour of the blood."

From his experiments, it appears—

"1st. That the blood owes its red colour entirely to the presence of the saline matter which is invariably found to exist in it while in a healthy state. 2dly. That the dark colour of venous blood arises from the presence of carbonic acid, which, like every other acid, turns the blood black. 3dly. That the oxygen of the atmosphere can only affect the colour of the blood inasmuch as it possesses a powerful affinity for carbonic acid, which it takes from the blood by attracting it through the delicate membrane that lines the bronchial vessels and air-cells of the lungs. 4thly. That the removal of the carbonic acid from the blood by the action of oxygen does not produce a change in its colour, unless there be saline matter actually present, to impart to it the arterial tint the moment the carbonic acid is removed. 5thly. That acids, alkalies, electricity, and every thing which destroys the neutrality of saline matter, gives to the blood a dark colour."

It also appears that it is to these saline principles that the blood is indebted for its stimulating properties; without them it is but a vapid, stagnant, and useless fluid, incapable of supporting life, and tending rapidly to putrefaction.

A practice of many years in the West Indies led the author to direct his attention to the investigation of the proximate cause of the many dreadful fevers which are the scourge of the western world. He found that in all the malignant fevers, the blood, when drawn, was black and dissolved; but that on the addition of a neutral salt, it instantly resumed its beautiful arterial hue.

This striking fact immediately suggested to him the possibility that the administration of salts to patients labouring under those fevers, might be more likely to restore them to health than the uncertain and nugatory practice then in vogue. This idea he carried into effect, and was so eminently successful, that he has since extended the same plan of treatment to cholera, a disease in which, as is well known, the blood presents a black and pitchy appearance. This plan has been tried in London; and out of 226 cases of cholera, there were only about 20 deaths, and upwards of 200 recoveries.—*ib.*

AUTOMATA.

A great specimen was made by M. Camus for the amusement of Louis XIV. when a child. It consisted of a small coach, which was drawn by two horses, and which contained the figure of a lady within, with a footman and page behind. When this machine was placed at the extremity of a table of the proper size, the coachman smacked his whip, and the horses instantly set off, moving their legs in a natural manner, and drawing the coach after them; when the coach reached the opposite edge of the table, it turned sharply at a right angle, and proceeded along the adjacent edge. As soon as it arrived opposite the place where the king sat, it stopped; the page descended, and opened the coach-door; the lady alighted, and with a curtsy presented a petition which she held in her hand to the king. After waiting some time, she again curtsied and re-entered the carriage. The page closed the door, and having resumed his place behind, the coachman whipped his horses and drove on. The footman, who had previously alighted, ran after the carriage, and jumped up behind into his former place. Not content with imitating the movements of animals, the mechanical genius of the 17th and 18th centuries ventured to perform by wheels and pinions the functions of vitality. We are informed by M. Lelat, that General Degennes, a French officer who defended the colony of St. Christopher's against the English forces, constructed a peacock, which could walk about as if alive, pick up grains of corn from the ground, digest them as if they had been submitted to the action of the stomach, and afterwards discharge them in an altered form. Degennes is said to have invented various machines of great use in navigation and gunnery, and to have constructed clocks without weights or springs. The automaton of Degennes probably suggested to M. Vaucanson the idea of constructing his celebrated duck, which excited so much interest throughout Europe, and which was perhaps the most wonderful piece of mechanism that was ever made. Vaucanson's duck exactly resembled the living animal in size and appearance. It executed accurately all its movements and gestures; it ate and drank with

avidity, performed all the quick motions of the head and throat which are peculiar to the living animal; and, like it, it rendered the water which it drank with its bill. It produced also the sound of quacking in the most natural manner. In the anatomical structure of the duck, the artist exhibited the highest skill. Every bone in the real duck had its representative in the automaton, and its wings were anatomically exact. Every cavity, apophysis, and curvature, was imitated, and each bone executed its proper movements. When corn was thrown down before it, the duck stretched out its neck to pick it up, it swallowed it, digested it, and discharged it in a digested condition. The process of digestion was effected by chemical solution, and not by trituration, and the food digested in the stomach was carried away by tubes to the place of its discharge. The automata of Vaucanson were imitated by one Du Moulin, a silversmith, who travelled with them through Germany in 1752, and who died at Moscow in 1765. Beckman informs us that he saw several of them after the machinery had been deranged; but that the artificial duck, which he regarded as the most ingenious, was still able to eat, drink, and move. Its ribs, which were made of wire, were covered with duck's feathers, and the motion was communicated through the feet of the duck by means of a cylinder and fine chains like that of a watch."

Succour to the Poles.—The results of the efforts made by the citizens of this part of the United States, in aid of the Polish nation, about the period of its mournful catastrophe, are now made known by a letter from General Lafayette, enclosing the report of the American Polish Committee, organized at Paris, under his wishes, to act in concert and co-operation with himself, in fulfilment of the objects entrusted to his generous sympathies, by the friends of Poland in the United States.

We make some extracts from the report. "Several weeks elapsed after the regular organization of the Committee without an application for relief. This unexpected forbearance on the part of the emigrants is to be attributed to several causes—few reached Paris, with the exception of those who were in the possession of more or less means. The sympathies of the French were powerfully awakened, and the disposal of their succour, which was of magnificent amount, admitted of a more regular and continued system than it was believed would comport with the delicacy that strangers in the country were bound to observe; and we should do great injustice to the noble-minded men who are the victims of the unsuccessful effort to gain the independence of Poland, did we not add, that in the several instances our offers were declined, gratefully it is true, but with a proud reliance on their personal efforts for support. At this moment, when we were periodically assembling without being able to effect much in behalf of those for whom the succour was intended, it became apparent that it was the policy of the States adjoining Poland to force the refugees back into the power of their enemies. In addition to this, which of itself made a strong appeal to the sympathies of every just mind, we had reason to think, that while our money was useless at Paris, it might relieve many brave men at a distance, who were actually suffering for the necessaries of life. In this view of the case, it was decided to remit a portion of our funds to Germany."

This commission was entrusted to Dr. Howe, who, notwithstanding his unjustifiable seizure and detention by the Prussian authorities, found means to execute to a considerable extent the trust committed to him.

The Committee further says—"In addition to the money sent to Germany by Dr. Howe, we found means at a later day, to relieve many excellent and brave men, and in several instances entire families, that were suffering under the effects of the downfall of Poland. A few have been assisted in their wish to go to America, and otherwise the best disposition has been made of the funds that the circumstances and our judgment would allow. The impropriety of alluding more directly to the particular cases that came under examination, will at once be felt. We may say, however, that the regular pensions of the French Central Committee would have been interrupted in two instances, and the Poles dependent on this arrangement left without their means of daily existence, had it not fortunately been in our power to make them loans to meet the exigencies."—*Atlas.*

Education in England.—There has never been in England any *national* provision for the education of the people. The free grammar schools, and the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, derive their revenues, not from the nation, but from the munificence of the individuals who founded them. No country rivals England in the magnificence of her academical buildings. The University of Oxford contains nineteen colleges and five halls, and that of Cambridge thirteen colleges and four halls; whilst the Universities on the continent seldom possess more than a single pile of building, like that of the London University. The number of students in Oxford and Cambridge together exceeds three thousand. The endowments of the Colleges arise chiefly from land. A part of their funds usually goes to the students under the name of exhibitions or scholar-ships; a part to the Head and Fellows; and a further part consisting in church livings, devolves on the clerical Fellows in succession, and leads to their removal from the University. According to the returns made to Parliament in 1818, there were then in England 4,187 endowed schools, with a revenue amounting to £3,069-525; 14,282 unendowed schools; and 5,162 Sunday-schools. By means of these schools 644,282 children, chiefly of the working classes, received instruction; of whom 322,518 were taught gratuitously, and 221,761 paid for their education. There have not been any official returns on this subject since 1818, but from the answers to the circular letters of Mr. Brougham (the present Lord Chancellor), in 1829, there could not be less than a million and a half of the children of the humbler classes who were then receiving in England the advantages of education.—*Eng. pap.*

CURING THE AGUE.

[We are told the following anecdote of Boerhaave's practice.] The physician who believes the mind and matter act in unison, will remember how that truly celebrated great man, on a certain occasion, cured the ague. That complaint was very prevalent in his neighbourhood, and he had treated it with indifferent success; when his noble conceptions of the united agency of mind and matter suggested the following treatment. He desired about a dozen patients, whose fit of the ague came on about the hour of the meridian, to come to limat ten o'clock. They were shewn into the same room; and after a little while were informed that the doctor was busy, and would wait upon them as soon as possible. At the time the attendant addressed them, he placed a number of irons in the fire, which he increased to a considerable size. After the eleventh hour the servant again entered the room, apologised again for the doctor's absence, and turned and paid great attention to the irons that were heating. One of the patients inquired the use of the irons, and was informed that they were heating for the purpose of an operation on the patients who had the ague. This was soon whispered from the one to the other. The man had left the room, the doctor came not; and more and more were their attentions directed towards the now red-hot irons. Surmise and conjecture had a strong base to play upon: the red-hot irons were for the use of the ague-patients; every one felt the coming crisis of his own case. They looked; they walked about the room; they were soon, every one of them, in a violent perspiration: and the doctor came not till one o'clock, and the ague-fit came not at all. To his inquiries he found all well; and the time had passed, and not one laid upon him the symptoms of his complaint. And taking them into another room, one by one, with care, and caution, and some trifling medicine, he dismissed them, saying that he hoped they would recover without having recourse to any violent remedy. In truth, agitation had excited that apprehension which completely cured them of their disorder."

The Consistency of the whole Scheme of Revelation with itself and with Human Reason. By Philip Nicholas Shuttleworth, D.D., &c. &c.—This is the goodly but inconvenient title to the volume forming No. 2 of a series lately commenced (this being the first we have seen) by Messrs. Harper, in uniform size with their Family Library, and distinguished as the *Theological Library.* To speak of theological writings so as to be properly understood, one must consider the kind of readers chiefly addressed, and the position he himself occupies, as connected with or wholly severed from all responsibility for any peculiarities of sentiment his author may entertain. We write neither as theologians nor for those who are professionally of that class; but when we speak of the sentiments of a work of the kind alluded to, do it precisely in the same way that we act in the case of a volume on any other subject; characterising it, in such respects as we point out, as it has appeared to us, under the opportunities for examination which we have been able to command. By making this explanation at the present moment, we do not wish to have it supposed we have a special reference to Dr. Shuttleworth's production. So far is this from being the fact, that all we have here premised is anterior to our doing so much in reference to that volume as even to have commenced an examination of its contents. And here, consequently, we encounter a delay, which the reader will avoid, who may proceed *instanter* with the perusal of that which will not have been written until after a considerable intermission.

The ample title of the work conveys a sufficient idea of the general purpose the author has in view; and it is one that equally claims our regard whether we be Christains or infidels—whether we look at the subject as a matter of high spiritual concernment, or as an object of mere philosophical enquiry. At the same time, the introductory sentence of the author's preface will so advantageously extend the information thus furnished that we copy it for the reader's benefit.

"The object of the following dissertation is to do justice to the internal evidences of Christianity by disencumbering them of the weight of that class of objections which, though in popular discussion generally considered as affecting the cause of Revelation exclusively, stand in reality in no need of refutation, for the plain and simple reason that *they are applicable in exactly the same degree to every possible modification of religion whatever.*"

This is then attempted, in what appears to us a fair, candid, and liberal spirit, by one aware of his position and skilled to maintain it. He does not contend that there are no difficulties in the comprehension of the truths of Revelation and Christianity; but that it is both unfair and illogical to lay exclusively to the charge of that peculiar form of belief, perplexities which it shares in common with every other modification of theistical inquiry, and from which the adoption of the gross absurdities and inconsistencies of even Atheism itself would scarcely afford us a shelter. Without proceeding to notice the details of his plan, we shall commend the author to the reader's own examination, with our cordial testimony in favour of both his temper and ability. The scheme of the work is well devised, and the subjects are treated in a dignified and becoming, and at the same time an agreeable and popular manner, rendering the volume at once both valuable and attractive.—*Atlas.*

Steamboat for India.—The "Lord William Bentinck," a wrought iron steamboat, built by order of the East India Court of Directors, interested in the inland navigation of the East, has been recently launched in London. "In the absence of the Chairman of the Court of Directors, Lord Sandon christened her, which ceremony he performed by dashing against her bows a bottle of wine as she was starting from her cradle. She is one hundred and twenty-five feet long and twenty-two wide; she is all iron except her deck and beams; the thickness of the iron varies from one-fourth of an inch to three-eighths. When launched, her draught of water was eleven inches."

Emigration.—The tide of emigration is flowing from the Highlands of Perthshire. Besides large parties from Lochtayside during the last month, several families from Fortingal took their departure from Greenock, last week, among them was a man of the name of Macdonald, said to be 84 years of age; and so little was his spirit quenched by his years, that notwithstanding notice having arrived from the vessel in which they were engaged to go, that she would not be ready for a few days, thus allowing them some further delay, the old man would not listen to such trifling, saying, "that thousands have found vessels for transporting them across the Atlantic, and why should they not find so likewise?" and set out alone, charging the younger part of the intended party with sloth. After leaving the farm, he turned towards it, and taking his blue bonnet in his hand, and his long grey hair waving in the wind, gave three cheers, and bade farewell to his friends, neighbours, and the land of his birth.—*Perth Courier.* On Saturday last, the ship Canada sailed from Cromarty for Pictou with 230 passengers. The emigrants were chiefly from Inverness-shire, and seemed all to be in high health and spirits.

The English Napoleon.—Lady Dudley Stuart's son, who attracted so much attention at the *dejeuner* at Holly Lodge, is said to offer a singular likeness of his Imperial Uncle, Napoleon. When placed in the attitude, *a la redingotte grise*, the little boy presents an exact miniature of the hero of Marengo.—*Court Journal.*

A mourner!—An advertisement was inserted in yesterday's Morning Post, for "an almost new hat with a *broad crape hatband*, left under the orchestra at Almack's on Wednesday night." We confess this strikes us as "a shocking bad" place for a hat fresh from a funeral; and strongly advise the Merry Mourner to lose his hat and keep his counsel.—*Court Jour. 31st.*

Important Monopoly.—It has recently been stated that an important exclusive privilege has been gained by Count Survilliers from the Roman Government. A more minute account is furnished by the correspondent of a morning paper.

"I see it stated in the Roman Gazette, that on the 30th of June last, a convention was concluded between his Holiness and an American Company, for the exclusive sale of salt fish in the Pontifical States. I have been told through another channel, that the British Ambassador at Rome used all his influence with the Papal Government to prevent this monopoly, at the head of which is said to be no less a personage than Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain. The pecuniary difficulties of the Holy See made the concession indispensable, the Company having offered to pay $50,000 a year for twelve years to come, to the papal treasury, besides $200,000 in hand, in consideration of this exclusive privilege. This last sum, it is said, has been advanced in her son's behalf by Madame Letitia Bonaparte."—*Cour. & Enq.*

Public Roads and Canals.—The total length of the paved streets and roads of England and Wales is estimated at 20,000 miles, and that of all other roads at about 100,000 miles. The average annual expenditure thereupon, may be taken at a million and a half sterling, being at the rate of L.12 10s. per mile. In 1823, the total extent of turnpike roads in Great Britain was 21,531 miles, the annual income L.1,214,716, and the debt L.5,200,000. In the same year the total length of canals in Great Britain, including those under five miles, was 2,589 miles.

British Manufactures.—The Bandana handkerchiefs manufactured at Glasgow have long superseded the genuine ones, and are now consumed in large quantities both by the natives and Chinese.—*Crawford's Ind. Archipelago.*

At Calicut, in the East Indies (whence the cotton cloth called calico, derives its name,) the price of labor is *one-seventh* of that in England, yet the market is supplied from British looms.

Origin of the name Cotton.—That the ladies of ancient Rome wore muslin dresses, is taken for granted by a learned German antiquary, on the authority of Horace, (Sat. I. ii. 101); and certainly, if the isle of *Cos*, to which the poet in that passage alludes, had acquired note, in the Augustan age, for the fineness of its *cotton*, from plants which Egypt might have supplied at a much earlier period, it may fairly be allowed the honour of having given the current name to a material which the Germans persist in designating by the more significant, though homely, appellation of *tree-wool.* The above etymology, in regard to its local reference, may claim equal rank, or, at least, may deserve comparison with that of Skinner, which has been implicitly adopted by Dr. Johnson and later lexicographers.

Pronunciation.—The following anecdote appeared in a narrative two or three years since. It is now in circulation, by itself. We do not remember whether it has been presented to our readers, but it will bear the risk of repetition. "The Catholic chapels in many of the poorer parts of Ireland are but very scantily furnished. In one of these humble places of worship three strange ladies made their appearance just at the moment when the priest was about to commence the service of the day. Gallantry is always uppermost in an Irishman's mind, even though he be a priest as well as an Irishman. So it was on the present occasion. Anxious to do honour to his visitors, and to show them that he was not an ordinary orator, whose language was tinged with brogue, he ordered some of his flock to hand chairs to the ladies; but anxious to appear refined in their eyes, his directions were—'boys, three *cheers* for the ladies;' an order which was instantly obeyed with an alacrity and strength of lungs creditable to the 'finest pisantry in the world.'"

NAVAL CONUNDRUMS.

When is a ship no ship?—When she's *a-stern.*
When is she like snow?—When she's *a-drift.*
When like a painter?—When showing *colours.*
When like an auctioneer?—When in full *sale.* [sail]
When like a mad bull?—When foaming at the *head.*
When like a lady in distress?—When missing *stays.*
When like a horse?—When taken *a back.*
When like a lion?—When in full *roar.*
When like a bird?—When flying before the *wind.*
When like a tailor?—When *sheering off.*
When like a recruiting sergeant?—When *beating up.*
When like a floor?—When she's *boarded.*
Why is she never alone?—Because she has always a *companion.*
Why is she mischievous?—Because she is *riggish.*—*Age.*

French-English.—The Parisians do not appear to have improved much in their English during the last year. The memorable translation of a teacher of riding in the Faubourg St. Honore cannot be forgotten—*Promenades a cheval d'hiver*—*Winter horseback walking.* At present, near the Feydeau, at a pork shop, there is written up, *Pieds de Cochon*, and underneath, "*Pigs feats.*" In the Faubourg St. Antoine, at a little day school for young ladies, we have "*Externel de jeunes demeselles*," translated "*Outside for young ladies.*" The *Grand Hotel de Rivoli*, in the Rue de Rivoli, is called *Great Rivoli's Hotel.* A jeweller, in the Passage des Panoramas, has upon his card, that he lives "*Going des Panoramas.*" A table d'hote keeper informs the public that he gives *an ordinary dinner* at five o'clock. In the Rue de Charenton, the master of a low lodging-house puts up in his window, "*English men taken in here,*" and in French, "*Ici on loge tout le monde, et les macons aussi.*"—*Eng. pap.*

Anecdote of the Archduke Constantine—*from Skrzynecki.*—"I solicited the general for some information as to the condition of the Polish army when the war broke out. He told me that no army in the world was in so high a state of discipline.—'Ah!' added he, 'Constantine little knew what a rod he was preparing for Russia when he trained his Polish warriors. We owe him gratitude and hatred both. Have you not heard how the soldier overcame the politician when he heard of our doings in the field? 'Ha!' he exclaimed, 'those are *my* men: *I* taught them.'"

Gold Washing.—According to the investigations of a German naturalist, the River Eider, which traverses part of the dominions of Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, and Waldeck, contains as much gold as any of the rivers of Brazil. A company on a large scale is forming to benefit by this discovery.—*Athenæum.*

Miss Wilberforce.—[This anecdote may be new to some of our readers.]—When Mr. Wilberforce was chosen Member for York, his daughter, in walking home from the scene of the election, was cheered by an immense crowd who followed her to her own door, crying "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" The young lady turned as she was ascending the stair, and motioning to the populace to be quiet, said very emphatically, "Nay, gentlemen, if you please, not Miss Wilberforce for ever," which sent them all home in good humour.

A Baker's Way of Growing a Shoulder of Mutton.—Mr. Crust first buys the smallest shoulder of mutton which he can find; perhaps it may weigh about four pounds. When his Sunday dishes come in (which, if he have any thing of a trade, will be pretty numerous,) he changes this four-pound shoulder for a five-pounder; then he removes the five-pound shoulder to the place of a six; then substitutes a seven, and so on to eight, nine, and ten! Thus he makes a clear gain of six pounds of mutton, and changes his four pounds of carrion for prime meat! Puddings are done differently.—*The Economist.*

GENERAL AGENTS—*For this Publication*

Edmund Fowle, city of New York; Chester Walbridge Columbus, Ohio; Eichbaum & Norvell, Booksellers, Nashville, Tennessee; Wm. T. Williams, Bookseller, Savannah, Georgia; Samuel Coleman, Portland, Maine; and Geo. W. Whitehead, Postmaster, Burford, Upper Canada.

The following persons will also receive subscriptions; and all Postmasters not enumerated in this list, to whom it may be agreeable, are requested to do so, and retain *ten per cent.* of the monies paid them, as a remuneration for their trouble:—C. Livingston, Hudson; Postmaster, Catskill; Tracey Doolittle, Albany; Clarke & Hosford, Troy; J. H Van Eps, Schenectady; A. A McLean, Utica; J. W. Birge, Cazenovia; L. L. Morse, Canandaigua; Postmaster, Poughkeepsie; Edward Sims, Chittenango; N. Williams, Manlius; A Abbott, Syracuse; Dep. Postmaster, Auburn; A. B. Clark, Ithaca; C. Davis, Ludlowville; L. Ewer, Aurora; Herman Camp, Trumansburgh; A. Gibbs, Ovid; C. A. Rose, Geneva; S. Clark, Waterloo; J. S Towar, Lyons; G. W. Dunn, Clyde; D. Hill, Holly; M.W. Wilson, Palmyra; Jno. Hanks, Newark; A.E. Campbell, Pittsford; B. A. Root, Brockport; Dep Postmaster, Buffalo; Postmasters Lewiston, and Youngstown—state of New York; Jonathan Coffee, Coffee House, Philadelphia; S. J. Sylvester, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Porter, 44 South street, Baltimore; Garret Anderson, Washington City; Postmaster, Alexandria; J. Baker, Fortress Monroe, Va.; C. Hall, Norfolk; Postmasters, Richmond and Petersburg, Va.; Postmasters Fayetteville and Wilmington, N.C.; Postmasters and Booksellers, Charleston, Columbia, and Camden, S.C.; Richards & Gandil, Augusta, Geo.; Postmasters, Milledgeville, Clinton, Macon, and Columbus, Geo.; Postmasters, Montgomery, Selma, and Claiborne, Ala.; Odiorne & Smith, Mobile; E. Johns & Co., New Orleans; Postmasters, Plaquemine and Baton Rouge, La.; Natchez & Vicksburg, Miss.; Louisville, Ky.; A. Kennedy, Lexington, Ky.; Geo. E. H Day, Painesville, Ohio; Postmaster, Detroit, Michigan Ter.; Bennett W. Wheeler, Providence, R I; John Punchard, Boston; H. H Weld, Lowell; Postmaster, Taunton, Ms.; John Balkam, Postmaster, Robbinstown; Hiram Fevor, Eastport, Maine; C. S. Young, St. John, N B; Hy. B. Allison, Miramichi, N B.; Dr. Joseph Prescott, Halifax, N. S.; Hy. Thompson, Exchange, Quebec; Hy. Hallock, Reading Room, Montreal, L.C; Hy. Jones, Postmaster, Brockville; D. Prentice, Kingston; J. S. Howard, Postmaster, York, U.C; Ambrose Gosling, *Hamilton*; Anthony Atwood, *St. George's*; John A. M. Gilbert, *Ireland Island*, Bermuda; L. Battelle, Bassin, St. Croix; David & Latimer, St. Thomas.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 13th, Wm. Byrne, of New York, to Miss Mary Byrne, of Wexford, Ireland.

On the 11th, John D. Kleindgen, Esq. merchant, of Hamburg, to Miss Sarah B. Bosley, of this city.

On the 10th, John Harrison, to Miss Susan C. daughter of Charles Wall.

At Newburgh, Robert Sinclair, of New York, to Miss Catherine C. King, of Canterbury, Orange co.

At Brook Haven, L. I. Capt. Abraham Gerard, to Miss Catherine, daughter of the late Capt. Ebenezer Jones; also, Capt. Luther Gerard, to Miss Maria, daughter of the late Capt. Richard Smith.

At Westfield, Sherman Day, of New York, to Miss Elizabeth Ann King.

At Saugatuck, Conn. Wm. Hobby, of the firm of Godfrey & Hobby, of this city, to Miss Abiah, daughter of the late Thomas Andrews, Esq. of the former place.

At Providence, Charles Lippitt, jr. of Savannah, to Martha B., daughter of the late Jeremiah Howell, Esq.

At Boston, Daniel Lee Hale, merchant, of New Orleans, to Miss Sarah S. Messer.

At Perth Amboy, John D. Hager, of New Brunswick, N.J. to Miss Eliza B. Webb, of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 17th, Oliver H. Hicks, Esq. President of the Farmers' Fire Insurance and Loan Co.

On the 15th, Margaret, daughter of Wm. W. Todd, aged 23.

On the 12th, Solomon King, bookseller and publisher, aged 41.

On the 12th, Wm. Locher, aged 38.

On the 11th, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, wife of Captain Isaac Johnson, aged 60.

On the 17th, Capt. Noah Pratt, aged 58.

At East Chester, Benjamin D. Yates, a resident of this city, aged 31.

At New Milford, Conn., Francis J. Williams, Esq. of the house of J. G. Williams & Co. of Boston.

At Baton Rouge, Thomas Robinson, formerly of the firm of Thomas Robinson & Co. of New Orleans.

At Rouse's Point, Roswell Wilson, Esq. Clerk of Clinton County.

At Montreal, William Mackay, Esq. Lt. Colonel, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the District of Montreal; also, Mrs. Rosalie Cherrier, wife of Joseph Papineau, Esq. and mother of the Speaker of the House of Assembly, aged 74.

THE ATLAS, *A Select Literary and Historical Journal*, is published every Saturday evening at No 16 Merchants' Exchange, New York. The contents are principally selections from the best Literary Journals of Europe, with a very full and impartial history of the passing events in that quarter of the Globe, particularly in Great Britain and France, and a condensed history of the most important events on this side the Atlantic. It is a large quarto, paged for binding, and having a copious index and handsome title page. Its price, originally $5 per annum, has been reduced to $1, when payment is made in advance, or at first presentation of a bill: out of the United States, $5 per annum, *in advance*. No Subscriptions received for less than six months, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods, and on payment of dues.

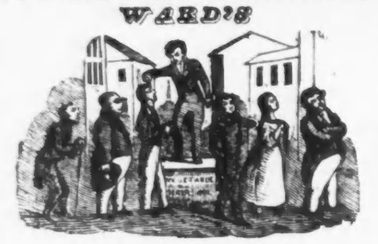
THE MERCHANTS' INTELLIGENCER and *New York Weekly Record*, designed and particularly adapted to meet the wishes of merchants in the interior and abroad, is published at the same office on the afternoon of every Wednesday. It furnishes a careful Review of the New York Market, embracing also the principal transactions in other markets, with a record of prices current, sales by auction, Shipping intelligence, Bank notes currency, Stocks and Exchanges, with the general news of the week, foreign and domestic; and a great variety of entertaining miscellany. The sheet is of the largest size, and the price of the paper *only* $2 per annum, *if paid in advance*, $2.50 if in six months, and $3 if not paid within the year. Out of the United States, $3 per annum, *in advance*. No subscription received for less than a year, nor discontinued except at the close of the year and on payment of dues.

The ATLAS and MERCHANTS' INTELLIGENCER may be had *together*, on the following terms: Within the United States, $5 per annum, *if paid in advance*; out of the U. S. $6.50 or £1 12s 6d *Hfx. curr'y*. The additional charge when sent abroad is to cover the U.S. postages, expenses of forwarding, and discount on monies, &c.

All letters addressed to the office must be *post paid*, or contain a remittance from which it may be paid, otherwise they will not be taken from the Post office. Monies may be remitted at the risk of the publishers, if mailed in the presence of the Postmaster, and the description of the bills, date of forwarding, &c. entered on his memorandum book.

A new volume was commenced on the 15th September

WARD'S



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FOR the restoration of Hair on bald heads, giving health and beauty to the hair when it becomes dry and begins to decay.

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So great are its nourishing properties, which it readily imparts to the roots of the hair, that it requires but a short time to produce a new growth, and few applications to check that falling of the hair which so often occurs, especially after sickness. It prevents the hair from turning grey, and when it begins to turn, may be easily checked and restored to its natural beauty, by applying the Oil.

This Oil gives an agreeable fragrance and is preferable to any other for perfuming, curling and glossing the hair. The hair does not become dry after using it.

The growth of the hair on Children is wonderfully improved by the use of the Oil.

Sold *Wholesale & Retail* by WILLIAM A. TYLER, 88 Barclay, corner of Washington-street, N. York, and at *Retail* by Druggists and Perfumers generally.

Sept. 22, 1832.

SYLVESTER, in the Lottery Class No. 30, added another $30,000 prize to the numerous list of capitals lately sold by him. He is truly "most lucky."

He begs to call the attention of his numerous friends and patrons to the club he has formed in class 37, to be drawn on the 17th October. It consists of 1000 whole tickets in one hundred shares. A certificate fully guaranteed by the Managers, Messrs. Yates & McIntyre, can be forwarded by remitting the small sum of $60, for which comparatively trifling amount an excellent chance to every capital in the wheel will be enjoyed by the purchaser. All orders must be addressed to J. S. SYLVESTER,

sept. 16. 130 Broadway.

LORIN BROOKS, *BOOT-MAKER*,

NO. 21 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and Shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. june 13.

LAKE ONTARIO.—The splendid steamer *Great Britain* Capt Joseph Whitney, propelled by two low pressure engines of 90 horse power each. The public are respectfully informed that the following arrangments have been made for the months of July, August, September and October. Will leave Prescott every Wednesday morning, viz: July 4, 11, 18, and 25; August 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29. September 5, 12, 19, and 26; October 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31—touching at Brockville, Kingston Cobourg, Port Hope, York, and arrive at Niagara early on Friday morning. Will leave Niagara every Saturday afternoon, viz. July 7, 14, 21, and 28, August 4, 11, 18, and 25; September 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; October 6, 13, 20, and 27—calling at Kingston and Brockville, and arrive at Prescott on Sunday evening.

The Ladies and Gentlemen's Cabins on board the Great Britain are finished in the same manner as the New-York and Liverpool Packet Ships, with State Rooms; and no expense has been spared in finishing and furnishing the Boat in the most comfortable manner. Every endeavor will be used to accommodate passengers and ensure regularity.

Prescott, (U. C.) July 11, 1832. c. i. a.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 33 for 1832, drawn Sept. 19.—29 23 30 31 7 52 61 42 6 24.

Sylvester need not enumerate the long list of capital prizes which have been sold by him in the last few months: the hundreds of families and individuals which have become independent and happy from timely application to his offices are the best proofs of his past success, and promise well for the future. The "All-lucky" would therefore call the attention of his patrons and friends throughout the U. States and Canadas to the following brilliant schemes. Tickets can always be obtained by application at his offices, either by letter or otherwise.

Oct. 17—Class 37, another real mammoth, consisting of prizes of $50,000, 25,000, 10,000, 8,000, 5,000, &c. Never before were such splendid prizes to be obtained for $10—'tis almost incredible. Clubs should give this scheme their attention; and they will find the terms of Sylvester most advantageous.......................................$10

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

State of New York,
Secretary's Office, Albany, July 10th, 1832.

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State, to be holden on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And, also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

N.B. The Inspectors of Election in the several Wards in your County will give notice of the Election of Four Representatives to Congress from the Third Congressional District, and that 42 Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State. J. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff City and County of New York.

PASSAICK HOUSE, *Belleville, N. Jersey.*

D. PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. june 6-ci.

MEDICATED SILK OIL'D,

BY *Luke Davies*, at his old established U. S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N.B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. june 22-ci

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND
DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,
WHO DESIRE A
NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,
IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF
FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.
From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of
170 KINDS.
Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.
LOOK FOR
T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,
70 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,
OLD ESTABLISHMENT.
NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Stores, *No.* 102 *William-street, and No.* 19 *Arcade*, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLIN and Oil'd LINEN, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the *shortest notice*.

N B. All orders punctually attended to.
june 13-eily.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Pier, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking-glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. ☞ All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. may 16. ci.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,
No. 12 Fourth-st.
Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square

THE proprietor of this *Bath*, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen exclusively*. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of *Ladies only;* to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of refections, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; fifteen tickets, $2 50; thirty-five tickets, $5; and eighty tickets, $10. may 9. c&i

REMOVAL.
PIANO FORTE STORE.
395 *Broadway, near Walkerst.*

M. V. GREGIER begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metalic plates, or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. may 30-eily.

ALMOND PASTE AND SOAP.

JUST received, the above superior articles, whose most extensive use in the toilet is too well known to mention them. For sale by
DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of
INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,
in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his
PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,
highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-ci6m

PREMIUM,—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street New-York."

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are *Incorruptible!* and with their *color*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the latest period of human existence. In point of *economy*, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H. N.Y. &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting: and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by *himslf only*.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor *any other relative*, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York than where it now is, and has been for years past.

No. 5 *Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.*

DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER offers at his Drug and Chemical Store, No. 377 Broadway, the following articles, of his own manufacture, at low prices:

Chloride of Soda,
Nitrite of Silver, in crystals and fused,
Sulphuret of Potash, for baths,
Chloric Ether,
Sulphuric Ether,
Acetic Ether,
Phosphoric Ether,
Sweet Spirits of Nitre,
Spirits of Hartshorn,
(all of the strongest and purest quality.)
White Copal Varnish (possessing the clearness of water and the consistency of syrup),

And a vast number of other articles which he keeps on hand for wholesale and retail; such as—The Nuremburgh Salve, genuine Harlem Oil, the Elixir of Life, &c. &c. sept. 12-ci.